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A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion

Columbia University **FORUM**

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Lafayette and the Politics of Liberty

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The Supreme Court on Obscenity

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Ibsen: A Personal Statement

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An Economist in Government

Arthur F. Burns

and articles by Norman Podhoretz, Thomas Flanagan,

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Poems and translations by

Juan Ramón Jiménez and Donald Keene.

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An Economist in Government	4	Arthur F. Burns
The Life and Early Death of the Detective Story	7	Thomas Flanagan
Henrik Ibsen: A Personal Statement	11	Eric Bentley
Sputnik and American Public Opinion	15	Samuel Lubell
Walls and Barriers	22	Eugene Raskin
The Concept of Heredity as it Applies to Man	24	Theodosius Dobzhansky
The News According to Whom?	28	Richard C. Wald
Two Poems from the Japanese	31	Chuya Nakahara (Translated by Donald Keene)
Lafayette and the Politics of Liberty	32	Grayson Kirk
The Supreme Court on Obscenity	38	Walter Gellhorn
The Wild Bird (a poem)	45	Juan Ramón Jiménez
DEPARTMENTS		
Editorial	3	
I've Been Reading	42	
Why I Can't Get Through The Charterhouse of Parma	46	Norman Podhoretz
Columbia Chronicle		

A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion

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Greetings to Readers

This first issue of the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM is published at a moment when higher education in America is being examined more closely, both from within and from without, than it has ever been before. Recent public events have encouraged public attention to the subject and to say so is surely to report no news. While most of this current discussion of our colleges and universities has been urgent and utilitarian—centering on their ability to produce properly educated men and women—inherent in the discussion and certain now to concern more than the educational specialist is the citizen's relation to those institutions.

In the relation that Columbia University bears to those citizens who know her best—her faculty members, alumni, and friends—lies the inspiration for the FORUM. The quality shared by all such interested parties to Columbia is a receptiveness to ideas and information and an experience in their use. Acting on that common interest, then, the University here commences publication of a quarterly journal of fact and opinion, written by and for members of the Columbia University faculty and alumni group. The FORUM will concern itself—and its 90,000 readers—with subjects of current as well as permanent importance. Many of our articles will be written by authors whose books the reader already knows or whose articles he sees often in the best of the commercial periodicals. But let it be clear that the magazine's Editorial Board will welcome essays, articles, and correspondence from all writers within this Columbia group who have something of merit to say to intelligent readers, and who are able to write it in a manner that is at once agreeable and instructive.

As its title implies, the magazine will bring viewpoints together, but not necessarily to agreement. The FORUM is not a magazine of institutional opinion, which is to say that the reader will find nothing "official" here—only the views and accumulated knowledge of individual writers whose thought seems to the editors worthy of attention. By his pleasure and by his interest the reader will judge the success of our choice, in this issue and in those to come.

THE EDITOR

AN ECONOMIST IN GOVERNMENT

by ARTHUR F. BURNS

The former Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers reflects upon his experience as an economist and academician among politicians. He examines the professional skills and the personal limitations the practicing economist brings to the high councils of government and assesses the costs and rewards of such service

The practicing economist is a newcomer to the highest councils of our government. He is there by virtue of the Employment Act which Congress passed in 1946. Only a few economists have so far had the privilege of serving officially as a President's economic adviser. Professor Roy Blough of Columbia served Mr. Truman so. I have worked with President Eisenhower. A third Columbia professor, Raymond J. Saulnier, now holds this responsibility.

When I was invited by President Eisenhower

Arthur F. Burns, one of America's foremost economists, served for four years as Chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers. He is a professor of economics at Columbia and holds three Columbia degrees.

to serve as the Chairman of his Council of Economic Advisers, I was in the midst of some research to which I was devoted. But that was not my only reason for thinking twice before accepting the opportunity. Another was a feeling of uncertainty whether a professional economist could function well in a political environment. In performing his duties under the Employment Act, a member of the Council will, to be sure, work with a technical staff and numerous experts both within and outside the government. But the great bulk of his time is of necessity taken up by conferences or preparing for conferences with the President, with members of the Cabinet or their principal deputies, with heads of independent agencies, with the White House staff, and with members of the Congress.

Now, these men are generally known as politicians. The term is a good one to the extent that it indicates that they are all concerned with issues of public policy. The term politician, however, sometimes suggests an absorbing pursuit of partisan interests, or of personal power and gain, by cynical men with uncultivated minds.

Such men exist. But I have found that they are fewer than I had supposed before I became a government official. As a group, politicians in high office are men of outstanding ability. They usually bring good minds, wide knowledge of affairs, and considerable experience in handling practical problems to their special tasks. Their minds are receptive to fact and reason. They work hard at their jobs and seek to promote the general welfare, rather than the advantage of this or that group. They are not lacking in vanity or personal ambition, but as a rule they seek to advance their fortunes by performing honorably and well at their appointed tasks. True, they are prone—perhaps excessively prone—to identify the interests of the nation with the interests of their party, yet they do so in the sincere belief that their political party is the best instrument for promoting the general welfare.

An economist in government who seeks to be constructive must recognize these qualities of the typical politician in high office. He must realize that the general knowledge or intelligence which he brings to his tasks is probably no greater than that of the politician; that his devotion to the public welfare is by no means unique but is shared by his political colleagues; and that his sense of integrity and of right conduct is probably no higher than that of men charged with political responsibility.

The economist must also realize that he is not the sole possessor of economic knowledge. Some politicians have had deep experience in handling economic affairs in the course of their careers—for example, Joseph Dodge, Marion Folsom, Sinclair Weeks, Arthur Summerfield, George Humphrey, Prescott Bush, and Ralph Flanders, among others. Besides, practically every politician who holds a major office is bound to acquire, simply by doing his job, intimate familiarity with some aspects of our economy.

Nor can the economist afford to forget that he is rarely able to speak with the impersonal authority of science. Not only is his ability to predict very limited, but in handling issues of policy he is inevitably influenced by his philosophic and ethical attitudes.

For example, at a time when inflationary pressures are running high, general price stability can be sought by reducing government expenditures—which can be done in many different ways; or by increasing taxes—which can be done in different ways; or by imposing credit restraints, or by altering the institutional arrangements under which collective bargaining takes place, or by modifying the procedures under which market prices are set, or by stimulating the output of commodities and services—all of which can be done in different ways; or by some combination of these several approaches.

Since innumerable ways are available to us for stabilizing the dollar, the specific means selected or stressed are bound to depend on how men value other objectives—that is, on the value they attach, among other things, to the organization of economic life on the basis of market processes, to a strong and alert national defense, and to the preservation of small business. The economist is likely to have definite views on these matters, but there is little reason to suppose that they are necessarily any wiser or better views than those of the politician.

All this brings me to the question: What skills, if any, does the economist have which are to some degree distinctive or unique? What is it, if anything, that sets the economist apart and enables him to help the politician in reaching sound decisions?

The first and foremost quality, I think, is the economist's habit of thinking scientifically about jobs, prices, money, capital, and other factors of economic life. In considering such matters the economist is accustomed to dealing with facts, to sifting apparent inconsistencies among them, and to drawing conclusions that are warranted by the evidence in hand. If he cannot speak with the firm authority of science, he at least can often speak with the conviction that he has mobilized whatever knowledge exists to illuminate an issue of policy. With his ability to distinguish between fact and opinion, the economist can effectively set limits to the area within which he and others must do their guessing. In this way he can clarify the issues of policy that politicians debate and help to direct thought and eventual action along constructive channels.

Another special skill of the economist consists in his intellectual grasp of the whole economic process, not merely one or another of its many parts. Through long practice, he is accustomed

to viewing the economic system in terms of the nation's aggregate output, in terms of the preferences and choices of the individuals who make up a nation, and in terms of the flow of income to the various groups that have played a part in the productive process as well as to others whose claim to a share of the nation's income is a result of political decisions.

The economist's knowledge of the interdependence among the variables of economic life is limited. But he at least has some definite ideas about the relation of the parts to the whole. He appreciates that economic forces require time to work out their full effects and that the effects in the long run may be very different from those in the short run. He appreciates also that the effects of any new economic event or policy spread out beyond the point of initial impact, and that indirect effects that are not easily "seen" can be no less important than the effects that are readily traceable to their source.

This attitude of mind, this capacity to think of the economy as a whole, to view its evolving behavior systematically, and to express some elements of that experience in fairly precise quantitative terms—this capacity is unique to the economist. It enables him to play a modest but useful part in promoting some of the goals on which the American people are united—viz., a high and stable rate of employment in relation to the labor force, a stable consumer price level, expanding output of goods and services, and improvement in people's living standards.

I am sometimes asked by young economists who are contemplating government service what advice I can offer. My answer is apt to be: First,

remember that you belong to an old and honorable craft. Second, take a serious view of the economic problems that come under your care but never of yourself. Third, stop and think when you develop the very first symptoms of the disease known as Potomac fever: love of sheer excitement and bustle. I don't know whether I have observed the first two rules. But I have at least respected the third rule and that is why I am back at Columbia.

A career in government brings many rewards to the economist. Besides the opportunity for rendering public service, it provides an insight into the workings of governmental policy which could not be obtained in any other way. However, extended government service also involves costs for the servant. An economist in high office is so busy applying what little he knows that he cannot keep up with the research that his professional colleagues are doing, to say nothing of making any addition to knowledge himself. If he stays too long in government, his intellectual capital becomes obsolete.

I value highly the experience and knowledge that I gained during the several years I spent in Washington, but I value no less the return to academic life. The work of a teacher and investigator in a university is less dramatic than that of a high public official. I doubt, however, whether it is any less important. When everything is said and done, education and research are the decisive weapons of a free people searching for a better life for themselves and for others. In the long run the world is ruled by thought and nothing else.

The Life and Early Death of the Detective Story

"AMID THE WILD LIGHTS AND SHADOWS"

by THOMAS FLANAGAN

"The trouble in this matter," G. K. Chesterton wrote in 1901, "is that many people do not realize that there is such a thing as a good detective story; it is to them like talking of a good devil."

Nowadays, most people would say that there are such things as very good detective stories, but the subject is still capable of rousing fierce opinions and uncompromising prejudices, and an essay dealing with it may still properly begin, "The trouble in this matter is—"

Thomas Flanagan's own detective stories have appeared in several collections of prize-winning detective fiction, and most of them have been adapted for television. He holds a Master of Arts degree from Columbia and has been an instructor in English on the Columbia faculty since 1951.

In 1901, the detective story was considered by most educated people to be beneath consideration. It now numbers among its admirers some of our most eminent scholars and critics. My own opinion in this matter, however, is that they admire the wrong kind of detective story, and for the wrong reason. The essence of a good story, they would have us believe, lies in its method, which is the construction and orderly solution of a puzzle. It should not be judged, as other fiction is, by the sense which it makes out of human experience, but rather by the skill with which it works variations on conventional gambits while conforming to certain elaborately codified "rules of fair play."

Which is to say that it is not fiction at all, but an elegant diversion, somewhere between chess and mah jong. That this is a fairly accurate description of the modern detective story, any reader of Dorothy Sayers or Agatha Christie or Ngaio Marsh or Margery Allingham can attest.

The detective story, however, has been much more than this. It has been a splendid and impressive form of romance, with a subject as well as a method, and these uniquely appropriate to each other. And whenever a modern detective novel succeeds, it is because in some measure it shares the thrust and the power of that romance.

The method, as everyone knows, began with Edgar Allan Poe's three stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter." Miss Dorothy Sayers, in her *Omnibus of Crime*, has summarized Poe's contributions to "the method"—the contrasting personalities of the detective and his foil, the use of inference and analysis, the solution by unexpected means, the solution by way of the most unexpected person, and so on. She seems not to have suspected that Poe might have had a theme as well. And this is a matter of more moment than the degree to which Auguste Dupin resembles Lord Peter Wimsey.

This theme is present in the warfare between Dupin's cold, inhuman intelligence and the sprawling anarchy of Paris. Dupin had come to life as Poe's response to the gaudy, ambivalent personality of Francois Eugène Vidocq, a thief and ex-convict who had become a *Sûreté* agent. Vidocq's triumphs, so he boasted, depended on his ruses and strategies, and his powers of observation and analysis. Armed with these, he was able to move with mastery through the conspiracies of the Paris underworld.

Now, Poe too prized the controlled and aggressive intelligence, and above all what he called the "analytic powers." He prized them the more because he hoped to bring within their icy dominion all those passions which he feared. And he was especially vain of his ability to propound puzzles, and to solve those which were presented to him. The ingenuity which sets a puzzle, the care and intelligence which solve it, were emblematic of the large war which he ceaselessly waged—the war against the disorders of his own personality. But Vidocq found puzzles not in newspapers or on chessboards, but in the twisting, violence-ridden streets of Paris. His triumphs, won over confusion of the wildest and most spectacular sort, were a challenge to Poe.

And so, out of what he believed to be his own nature, Poe created Auguste Dupin, the young, ruined recluse of the Faubourg St. Germain, who ventures out into the midnight streets to solve the crimes which have baffled the police, those creatures of guess-work, expediencies, and routine. "He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play," says Dupin's unnamed friend and biographer. "He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solution of each a degree of *acumen* which seems to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition."

Most historians of the detective story have quoted this passage as expressing a great part of the genre's method and purpose. It is entirely misleading. Poe was an artist, and intuition was the very soul and essence of his fiction, though he took pains to give it the whole air of method. But an intuition of what?

All his tales (and many of his poems) are assertions that he has so mastered a terror of some sort that he can make it the object of his ruthless calculations and strategies. And his three detective stories are studies in the terror which men feel when they contemplate the unknowable, polyglot cities in which they live. They evoke in us some of the nameless fears to which all who dwell in the great modern cities are subject. The inhabitants of the Rue Morgue spring into light out of the dark immensity of Paris as though a torch had been flung into the street. Half the races of Europe live in that street, speaking different tongues and unable to understand one another. "Could not be sure," one witness swears, "whether it was the voice of a man or a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believe

the language to be Spanish." But a second witness is certain that he had heard a Frenchman speak in the apartment of the murdered L'Espanayes. And a third, that he had heard an Italian. Already we are half-prepared for Dupin's revelation that the L'Espanayes were not murdered by a man at all, but by an ape.

This thematic involvement with the great city is as much the mark of the true detective story as is its characteristic and much-discussed method.

"Then we sallied forth into the streets," says the narrator of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford."

"If we could fly out of that window," Holmes says to Watson, "hand in hand, hover over this great city, gently remove the roofs, and peep in at the queer things which are going on, the strange coincidences and plannings, the wonderful chain of events, working through generations, and leading to the most *outré* results. . . ."

Or again, from Wilkie Collins:

"There, in the middle of the broad, bright high-road—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from heaven—stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments, her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the cloud over London, as I faced her. . . . 'Is that the road to London?' she said."

The modern city had sprung up about men in the nineteenth century. Crime threaded its way through the back streets and alleys of the city, appalling the respectable squares and broad boulevards. The awareness of crime, however, was but the vivid extreme of that uneasiness, that sense of mystery, with which they were beginning to regard their surroundings. And the detective story could deal with this as myth or as romance, arguing at once the mind's ability to impose order and understanding and the spirit's ability to contemplate mystery.

In much of what I have been saying, I have been anticipated by Chesterton's essay of 1901, from which this passage comes:

Of this realization of a great city itself as something wild and obvious, the detective story is certainly the "Iliad". . . .

This realization of the poetry of London is not a small thing. A city is, properly speaking, more poetic even than a country-side, for while Nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos

of conscious ones. The crest of the flower or the pattern of the lichen may or may not be significant symbols. But there is no stone in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol—a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post-card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave. . . . Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutiae of Sherlock Holmes, to assert this romance of detail in civilization, to emphasize this unfathomably human character in flints and tiles, is a good thing.

Chesterton is not wrong when he speaks of the detective story as a poem. It begins, as a poem does, with close and accurate observation, and it directs the reader to look at what lies about him and at last to see it. This is its method and one of its joys. But its theme is the city, which has become the theater of our conspiracies and the landscape of our confusions.

It need not be demonstrated, however, that most modern detective stories, and especially those which are held in the highest critical esteem, lack this haunting and compelling theme. Many, in fact, lack any theme whatever. They are pure puzzles, and are much prized by connoisseurs.

The manner in which this came about is plain and depends upon a misapprehension of the nature of the detective story, a misapprehension so serious as to cut it off from those sources of passion and imagination upon which all fiction depends. Poe, that passionate and imaginative man, pretended that the mind was a calculating machine precisely because he knew that it was not. But the modern masters of the detective story, who inherited and "perfected" the form, took him at face value. They did so, at any rate, to the extent of believing that a kind of fiction may exist and thrive which engages the reasoning faculties of the mind, but never the feelings and emotions. And this "pure" detective story (which is pure in the sense that a block of ice or an unfertilized field is pure) did in fact thrive.

"Poe," Miss Sayers tells us with the greatest complacency, "stands at the parting of the ways for detective fiction. From him go the two great lines of development—the Romantic and the Classic, or, to use terms less abraded by ill-usage, the purely Sensational and the purely Intellectual."

She is exactly right, and has explained more fully than was her intention the way in which the detective story died. The "classic" detective story,

eschewing passion and disorder, rigorously logical and scientific, moved in one direction. And Poe's haunting, terrifying vision of the splendid and sinister city became, in time, the debased and common property of the purveyors of mindless violence. There is a strict justice in this: when literature separates thought from feeling it ceases to be literature.

There remained, happily, forms of popular romantic literature in which the theme of the city persisted. It is present in a few of Edgar Wallace's novels, in the adventure stories of John Buchan and Eric Ambler, in the motion pictures of Alfred Hitchcock, in the "entertainments" of Graham Greene.

In a crowded music hall, Richard Hannay stumbles on the first traces of the *Thirty-Nine Steps*. On a London street, Edward Leithen learns "how thin is this veneer of civilization. An accident and a bogus ambulance—a false charge and a bogus arrest—there were a dozen ways of spiriting one out of this gay and bustling world." Graham Greene's D., the confidential agent, is shoved and betrayed through the streets of London. In another city, Eric Ambler's Latimer hears that there was once a man named Dimitrios.

These are probably not detective stories in what connoisseurs would call "the strict sense of

the term"—and mystery purists can be as strict as the master of Dotheboys Hall. Certainly these authors commit the hideous offense of "mixing genres." They neither "play fair with the reader" nor "follow the rules of the game."

In such matters, they are as reprehensible as Poe and Gaboriau and Wilkie Collins and Conan Doyle and Chesterton. For with the detective story, the skeleton in the closet (as opposed to the corpse in the library) is the knowledge of the wicked grandfathers who made the money but didn't know its worth. The glitter and glamor of the tales these authors had to tell distracted them from their higher responsibilities to "the deductive method."

But when Lord Peter Wimsey views the body and Hercule Poirot interviews the suspects in the drawing room, we are looking at the pale and bloodless effigies who have been assigned the role of that Dupin who roamed "amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city." And, conversely, whenever we encounter in a popular romance a sense of (in Chesterton's words) "that thrilling mood and moment when the eyes of the great city, like the eyes of a cat, begin to flame in the dark," we may be sure that the true meaning and value of Dupin are still alive. Such stories are as rare as they are welcome.

In forthcoming issues of
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM

James L. Clifford
Biography as a Matter of Fact

Bernard Wishy
Communism and the Liberal Middle Classes

and articles by Gilbert Highet, Donald Barr, Jacob Hurewitz and others.

HENRIK IBSEN:

A Personal Statement

by ERIC BENTLEY

The world's attitude to Ibsen has gone through two phases and is now, as I see it, entering upon a third. The first phase was that of the late nineteenth century, at which time one either expressed one's detestation of the dramatist's iconoclasm or one's enthusiastic acceptance of it. Either way, the Ibsen under consideration was the revolutionary; and one accepted or rejected him according as one was oneself a revolutionary or not.

The second phase of opinion came with the acceptance of Ibsen in the early twentieth century by society at large. A gain of this sort is always, at the same time, a loss. For general acceptance implies only a cessation of hostilities, not an active interest in an author; to be accepted is the first step towards being ignored. When the rear guard accepts an author, moreover, the advance guard drops him. Necessarily so, as the advance guard's function has been to scold the rear guard for paying no attention. Not so necessary, but quite natural, is the advance guard's tendency to turn against those it used to champion, perhaps even reviving arguments against them that had first been formulated by the rear guard. . . . In the nineteenth century, playwrights were warned against Ibsen by the diehard, older critics; in the twentieth century

Eric Bentley's many books include The Playwright as Thinker, In Search of Theatre, The Dramatic Event, and What is Theatre? He is Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia.



they began to be warned against him by the advanced young spirits. Bertolt Brecht's Epic Theatre, beginning in the nineteen twenties, was, on the technical side, mainly a revolt against Ibsen, whose forms Brecht has described as rigid and narrow.

More important than technique, perhaps, was ideology. As the only fully elaborated Marxist theory of drama, Brecht's Epic Theatre is the purest example of collectivism in twentieth-century dramatic writing, and the extreme statement of his thought is to be found in the play *Die Massnahme* (published in English as *The Measures Taken* in *The Colorado Review*, Winter 1956-7) which celebrates the sacrifice of the individual to the group. In her book *Stalin and German Communism*, Ruth Fischer intimates that this play was suggested by the experiences of Gerhart Eisler as a Communist agent in China, and, by anticipation, it dramatizes the deaths of Radek and Bukharin, Rajk and Slansky, though not the subsequent admission, in 1956, that the confessions these men made were a pack of lies.

During the phase of history that produced Epic Theatre, collectivistic thought spread far beyond the confines of the Communist movement, and, when I was in college in the nineteen thirties, the standard opinion was that Henrik Ibsen was *borné* and *petit bourgeois*—that he represented the end of individualism and not the beginning of the great new order. Only later did I learn that this view had been first expressed by Friedrich Engels himself and thereafter had

been echoed by all Marxist critics from Mehring on.

And Marx and Engels were right, if their philosophy as a whole was right; it is a matter of that; while, equally, Ibsen will cease to seem *borné* and *petit bourgeois*, will become important again, to those who wish to stand *for* the individual and *against* what seems to them the hideous monolith of Soviet collectivism. To these the great individualists of the nineteenth century are still great, Ibsen among them. Great and exemplary—for they possess what we have lost but must at all costs recover.

They possessed, first and foremost, what Lionel Trilling and others have been calling the *mystique* of the self: their self-respect, and their belief in self-respect, went beyond opinion to sentiment, and beyond sentiment to faith. For them, there existed no Radeks and Bukharins—no people, that is, who could be asked to lie their lives away for an alleged collective good. In some much-quoted lines of verse, Henrik Ibsen once said that to live was to fight with the devils that infest the head and heart and to hold a Last Judgment over the self. The *mystique* of the self never found more pithy expression, nor the subject-matter of Ibsen's plays more precise definition. Even where Ibsen criticizes an individualist—as in *Brand* and *The Wild Duck*—he does so, not from any standpoint acceptable to a Marxist, but from that of another individualism. *Brand's* flaw, after all, is a defect in self-knowledge. Instead of living in harmony with his own nature, he attempts to live according to an abstract law which he must constantly foist on himself and others by arbitrary violence. This individualist becomes less of an individual all the time. By a supposed attachment to the *superhuman*, he has become *inhuman*.

Consider Mrs. Alving, the individualist as woman. We know that she reads the right books, though Ibsen leaves them unnamed so that each spectator can supply the titles of his own favorites. She belongs to the nineteenth-century Enlightenment. But we find out that she achieves enlightenment in general while keeping herself ignorant in particular of precisely those two or three things which it would do her most good to know: above all, of her complicity in the tragedy of Captain Alving. When she tells Oswald—at the end—that she shared the blame, because, in her prudishness, her fear of sexuality, she had not welcomed Alving's joy of life, she is also telling herself. Catastrophe in this story plays, as it were, the role of psychoanalysis, bringing to

consciousness the guilty facts which the protagonist has so zealously kept under. Mrs. Alving, reader of books, has come to know many things; she has not come to know herself. She is not too much an individual, as Manders thinks, but too little.

My generation of undergraduates—that of the nineteen thirties—reserved its greatest contempt for the person who was "only interested in saving his soul" and was therefore neglecting the real task, that of changing the world. We didn't realize to what an appalling extent the motive force of our reforming zeal was fear of the self, a failure to face the self. We scoffed at the escapism of certain individualistic poets, and did not see that social collectivism could be the supreme escape, and conversely that there can be no healthy altruism which is not grounded in self-respect. Yet, if we hadn't been tipped off that Ibsen was *petit bourgeois*, we might have learned our lesson from him. For he saw that the altruism of a Gregers Werle was the outgrowth of a sick conscience; Gregers persecutes Hedwig because he is running away from himself.

With the disrespect for the self that has been so prevalent in our time goes, naturally, a disrespect for the whole inner life of man, as witness the overtone that the word *subjective* now carries. The *objective* is real, the *subjective* is unreal—in other words, you get at the truth by getting away from yourself. If anyone remarked of Neville Chamberlain in 1938 that at least his motives were good, there was always a young Marxist on hand to remark that we must not judge by motives but by objective facts. Here again, Ibsen belongs to the earlier tradition. He believes the motive itself to be an objective fact, and, in a strict sense, the primary fact—the one to start from. He would never have written a play about the rightness or wrongness of Chamberlain's policy, but he might well have written one about whether the man did indeed have good motives, whether his conscience was healthy. His plays are studies in unhealthy conscience. Naturally, then, he seems not only old-fashioned but even wrongheaded to those who assume that life begins after integrity has been surrendered to a party, a class, or a state.

But I do not wish to focus my whole argument upon Communism because, in the present connection, Communism is only the extreme instance of a universal phenomenon—conformism parading as virtue. And in the West we encounter the danger less in the form of Communism than as a new attitude to life which David Riesman calls

other-directedness, i.e., being oriented toward other people, not just in external matters, not just, as it were, when other people are looking, but in one's most intimate mental activity. Modern civilization lives under the sign of Mrs. Grundy.

Allowing for the inaccuracy of all such generalizations we may say that the spiky, individualistic Victorians were inner-directed. Trained under strong fathers in the discipline of self-reliance, they hearkened to the inner voice, and went their independent way. Whether we can ever get back to anything of the sort is a question going far beyond the scope of the present statement. But even Mr. Riesman (who seems to be a fatalist) permits himself some unmistakably nostalgic admiration, and, certainly, the stock of all the Victorian individualists has been rising as men have come to realize what a frightful mess the anti-individualists have been making of the world. Ibsen is a great exemplar of the inner-directed culture. *Peer Gynt*, though not quite a prophecy of other-directedness, is about the danger of self-disrespect, of having no sense of identity, of being a human onion, all layers and no center . . .

By this time, I may have given the impression that what Ibsen means to me is Conservatism, the Nineteenth Century, Darby and Joan, or even *Songs My Mother Taught Me*. Assuredly we have come to the point where Victorianism no longer suggests a narrow and enervating stuffiness but manliness, free intellect, abundant individuality—men like Henrik Ibsen rather than Parson Manders. The great Victorians were rebels against Victorianism, non-conformists one and all. In political theory, Henrik Ibsen leaned towards anarchism—of all *isms* the most remote from totalitarianism. His first audiences, as I have said, regarded him as primarily a rebel; and in the future, I think, he will be regarded as a rebel again.

Ibsen's plays are about rebels—from Catiline to Brand and Julian, and from Lona Hessel and Nora Helmer to Hedda Gabler and John Gabriel Borkman—and we should not need to be told by Ibsen himself (as we were) that he wrote only of what he had lived through, for rebelliousness is not only the subject of the plays but the motive force. Anti-clericalism (as in the portrait of Manders and of the Dean in *Brand*) and political satire (as in *The League of Youth* or the characterization of the Mayor in *Brand*) are merely the most obtrusive signs of a mentality that was critical through and through. As we

retreat in horror, disgust, or mere boredom from the idea of the writer as Official Mouthpiece, we come back to the old liberal conception, most signally represented in this century by André Gide: the writer as questioner, dissenter, challenger, trouble-maker, at war with his age, yet by that token standing for the best in his age and helping the age to understand itself. In Ibsen, as in Gide, we who live in a time of fake radicalism are confronted by a real radical.

In speaking of fake radicalism, I again have more than Communism in mind—more even than politics. I am thinking, for example, of all playwrights who are considered daring, and whose courage is rather light-heartedly connected by critics with that of Ibsen and Strindberg. As people these playwrights are often much more Bohemian than Ibsen, and something much more quickly identifiable as Daring is smeared over the whole surface of their plays, which deal with assorted neuroses not even mentionable in the theatre of Ibsen's day. But Ibsen is supposed to have given Daring its start in *Ghosts*.

The mistake here is to imagine that the subject of *Ghosts* is syphilis. Lucky for Ibsen that it isn't, as the medical science of the play is now quite obsolete! His daring was not a matter of bringing up repellent subjects, though it included that. It consisted in his genuinely radical attitude to life in general. It is at the heart of his writing, not merely on its surface.

What is true in the sexual sphere applies also to politics. In our political plays today, we are given what is conventionally regarded as daring but what actually takes no courage at all to say—it is at best what used to be daring and is now calculated to produce cheers from a clique, class, or party rather than bad reviews in the press and rotten eggs from the gallery. An instance, oddly enough, is *An Enemy of the People* as freely adapted to the American stage in the mid-twentieth century by Arthur Miller. Ibsen's original, by contrast, though no profound piece of thought, and in my view one of his least vital plays, is genuinely daring, especially in its blunt challenge to the idea of majority rule. The reason the newer version is dull is that Mr. Miller was himself offended by Ibsen's daring, made excuses for him in a preface, and proceeded to censor offensive passages. The dangerous thoughts of the latter-day quasi-radical are all completely safe; Ibsen's plays were so subversive they frightened, at times, even their author.

One difference between the old radical and the new is that the former explored life while the lat-

ter lays down the law about it. *Die Massnahme* perfectly represents the newer procedure. Such a play is not drama of discussion or ideas, for the author isn't talking it over with you, he is telling you. Still less is it drama of exploration, for it is but an exemplification of an idea the author started out with.

Gerhart Hauptmann remarked once that the playwright must never re-word thoughts which he or his character has already thought: dramatic dialogue must only present thoughts in the process of being thought. Which is another way of saying that the playwright must not be directly didactic, for it is the didactic writer, out not to learn but to teach, who concentrates on finding effective form for thinking that was finished long ago. Didacticism seems not to have been a besetting temptation for Ibsen as it was for Brecht. It is an irony that the man considered the father of the drama of ideas makes so few explicit references to ideas in his plays.

Incidentally, *An Enemy of the People* is inferior Ibsen just because it is one of the few plays in which this author seems simply to be "telling us"—with upraised finger and an inclination to be very angry if we aren't good and do as we're "told." Generally, with Ibsen, we feel we are his companions in a search and therefore, in line with Hauptmann's principle, are not given summaries of what has been thought already but are present at the thinking. Mere summaries of experience (intellectual experience or otherwise) are without dramatic life. The pulse of the drama begins to beat at the moment the playwright begins to struggle with his experience. There is no better evidence for this truth than the life-work of Henrik Ibsen.

The principle invoked by Hauptmann enables us to understand the radical differences not only between Ibsen and Brecht but between Ibsen and the Ibsenites. The more the Ibsenites agreed with the Master, the worse the result was bound to be: for they were starting where he ended, namely, with his findings. It is of course open to writers who do this to improve on their Master in all the external qualities of literature—elegance, concision, clarity, and so on. For they are only paraphrasing. And it makes one realize that one values literature, ultimately, for other qualities than these. One will indeed suffer inelegance, inconcision, even unclarity with a good grace if only there is also a degree of inner movement, action, energy, conflict. . . .

There is a lesson in Ibsen for our so-called profession of playwrights today. The profession

—by definition, perhaps — acquires a certain craft and then uses it. In other words, the professional writer works within the resources he has found himself to possess. Such-and-such worked very well last time; the presumption that it may work well again is enough to prompt a second use, and a third, and so on. Hence his youth is the professional writer's only creative period; there can indeed, on the terms just stated, be no development, but at best an increasing facility. Ibsen chose the path of constant development, accepting the risks, paying the price, and reaping the reward. The price is the foregoing of small perfection and easy success. Professional dramatic critics, out of something more than fellow feeling, will always tend to prefer the professional craftsman to the real artist: the merits of what the former has to offer are more easily recognized and measured, while the latter undoubtedly makes far more mistakes, and is not always improving. The pay-off comes at the end when the "mistake"—about which the critics have "rightly" been merciless—reveals itself as a needed part of a pattern. It has been said that all Shakespeare's plays taken together form one long play. Something of the kind can be said of the collected work of any real artist. Not the smallest fascination of Ibsen is the unity of his work, the profound meaning in the relation of play to play. To write both *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* is not just twice the job of writing one of the two; it is to force the reader to read the plays as thesis and antithesis in an artist's effort at synthesis. To follow up *Ghosts* with *An Enemy of the People* was more than an act of moral reprisal, and to follow up *An Enemy* with *The Wild Duck* was more than an act of self-correction: one thing leads to another in a drama which has *Catiline* for prologue and *When We Dead Awaken* for epilogue, the drama of Ibsen's whole *œuvre*.

Henrik Ibsen meant a lot to me when I first encountered theatre, literature, and adult life, and I return to him a couple of decades later when trying, as we do, to come to terms with the theatre, the literature, and the life around us, trying to locate the essential problems, discard impeding prejudices, correct obstructive errors, see through the facts to the meaning of the facts and, in all this, to accept the self that does the locating, discarding, correcting, and seeing, for, while the Bible tells us to love our neighbor as ourselves, Henrik Ibsen seems to remind us how unhelpful that injunction would be to people who did not love themselves.

SPUTNIK AND AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION

by SAMUEL LUBELL

An astonishing number of citizens looked no further than their own pocketbooks when the first Russian satellite went by, according to a survey by one political analyst, who suggests new economic policies.

On the October 5th when the news of the first Soviet sputnik flashed into the headlines, I happened to be out surveying how typical voters in New York State and New Jersey felt about the approaching elections. Naturally, I leaped at the rare opportunity to try to determine how the public forms its opinions on something completely new, something which, in this case, had come at them remarkably like a bolt from the blue.

My own reaction to the launching of the Soviet "moon" had been one of utter dismay. It seemed such clear proof that we had again underestimated Russia's technological capacity, even as we had erred in guessing how long she would take to develop atomic weapons. The beep-beeping sputnik seemed to be radioing

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back to Americans an unmistakable "you are lagging, you are lagging" in the race to produce an intercontinental ballistic missile. Certainly we would have to make a more intense defense effort. Thoughts of lowering taxes were now ridiculous. If anything, taxes might have to be increased or the ceiling on the national debt would be pierced.

That was how I, myself, felt. But it didn't take many interviews to demonstrate that this was not most people's reaction. During the six weeks that followed (including two weeks spent in a post-mortem of the voting returns), I was to be astounded repeatedly by the strange uses people made of the "facts" they were reading in their newspapers or listening to over radio and TV. There were many things I couldn't explore fully, but even in the limited time I had, the results of my interviews in a dozen cities, four farm counties, and five suburban communities left me wondering how much we still have to learn about the curious processes by which public opinion takes shape in this country.

On that first Saturday after the Soviet sputnik broke into the news, I was working in East Meadow, Long Island, which is a less publicized, cousin community to Levittown and whose existence roughly spans the years in which we and the Soviets have been engaged in the rocket race. Built to cost about \$10,000, most of the one-family homes in the area now are priced (thanks largely to inflation) at around \$15,000 to \$20,000. On that bright morning the general atmosphere of East Meadow was one of quiet, airy, suburban contentment.

At one corner house a tall man was loosening the earth in his garden because, as he later remarked, his wife wanted him to move a small tree planted there. He was thirty-nine years old, worked as a truck driver, and was "independent" in his politics. In 1952, while still living in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn, he had voted for Eisenhower and had done so again in East Meadow in 1956.

"My family used to be straight Democrat," the truck driver recalled. "They voted blindly. They didn't know what they were doing. But I don't vote just for the party."

He felt we were sending too much foreign aid abroad, particularly to "Tito and Poland," and that we were spending "too much" on defense. Both expenditures should be cut "so taxes can come down," he said. He dismissed sputnik with a blithe "Oh, we're up there too." When I

pressed him about whether the Soviet satellite meant we might be behind Russia in developing missiles, he shook his head and replied, "The people in Washington know what they're doing. They wouldn't let us fall behind."

Three or four blocks away I spotted another man puttering over a flower patch in his backyard. Forty-nine years old, he also turned out to be a former Brooklynite, and from a family which had once been strongly Democratic. In fact, he told me, "My father used to be a big wheel in the McDonald Avenue Democratic Club. At one time he controlled 800 votes."

This suburbanite had voted for Roosevelt until 1940 when "I didn't like his war policy." An Eisenhower man in both 1952 and 1956, he said he would not vote for him again.

"I was laid off at Republic Aviation five weeks ago," he explained. "I'm going down to the county building and see if they'll give me a job. If they don't, I'm turning Democratic."

We got to talking about the difference between the major parties and he dropped two revealing comments. "The fellows in the union say there wouldn't be these cutbacks if the Democrats were in. They always saw we had work." At another point he remarked, "These cutbacks are being put through to help private employers. I've been looking for a job. You know what they offer? Forty and fifty dollars a week! How can a married man live on that wage? That's what they're trying to do with these cutbacks—cut the wages that private employers are paying."

He brought up sputnik himself. "We ought to be spending more, not less, on defense," he argued. "Look how we've let the Russians get ahead of us with that moon and with missiles."

And so it went the rest of that day. Of eleven persons interviewed, eight said they weren't troubled by sputnik. All eight were contented economically. Several were "not sure the Russians have a missile—they may be bluffing." Others felt "we have one too." The three persons who expressed concern over sputnik were all persons who were worried by the aircraft layoffs on Long Island. One was the unemployed aviation worker already described. Another was a truck driver who was afraid of being laid off. "We're running one truck less already," he said. "The Republicans are cutting down too much. All they think of is holding on to money. We should spend *more* money."

The third man was ambivalent. A garage

mechanic who repaired heavy construction machinery, he felt we weren't spending enough on defense. "What industries does Long Island have but construction and defense?" he exclaimed. He was disturbed over the Soviet satellite, but he couldn't bring himself to admit that the Soviets were ahead of us.

"Eisenhower has kept us out of war and I've got two kids who will be ready for the army pretty soon," he explained. "I have a lot of faith in the people in charge in Washington. If they didn't know what they were doing, they wouldn't be in there. I'm sure we have a missile that's just about as good as the ones the Russians have."

In sum, as far as these eight East Meadow suburbanites were concerned, their reaction to sputnik seemed to be shaped mainly by their own economic outlooks. Those whose concern over unemployment led them to favor more government spending voiced considerably more alarm over sputnik than those who were untroubled by fears of economic recession or who were eager to see taxes reduced. The belief cherished by so many journalists that one has only to give the people the facts and the people will lead the way did not seem at all justified.

A dozen interviews hardly make a trend, of course. Over the weeks that followed, I continued probing for what lay behind people's reactions to sputnik. I reshaped my itinerary to take me into areas that were booming economically and others that were hard-hit by defense cutbacks and unemployment, places like Schenectady, Gloversville, and Amsterdam. I also framed a set of questions to put to people which would correlate their reactions to sputnik with their feelings about taxes, government spending, desegregation and other issues.

As the days passed, one could note a steadily deepening concern over the Soviet achievement. But it remained clear that out of the mass of information being flung at them by the press and radio, many people seemed to select as "facts" what best fitted their own economic interest. The sharpest charges (that "we've fallen flat on our faces") were usually voiced by partisan Democrats (i.e., persons who had never voted for a Republican president) and by workers who were unemployed. The least concern over sputnik was expressed by persons who complained most vehemently that they were being squeezed between rising living costs and taxes.

In Schenectady, a thirty-two-year-old account-

ant for General Electric talked of how "tough it's been to hold our own the last couple of years." He had three children and was "finding it hard to make the payments on our new house with prices going up." He talked feelingly of the "need to cut spending" both in the state and nationally. He was even against raising pensions for old people, "although it would help my mother-in-law. Someone has to pay for it and it will only mean I take home less," he reasoned.

Asked how he felt about the Soviet satellite, he replied, "I don't think it's alarming. The Russians aren't ahead of us. There's more to what we have than people are let to know."

Retired persons, in particular, seemed to want to shrug off sputnik's more ominous implications. "There's only one thing that worries us," said a thin, emaciated old man in Binghamton. "It's all these taxes going up and up. My wife and I can't work. No one seems to ask how we're going to scrape together the money to pay for all these schools and roads. Let someone else worry about sputnik. This spending has got to stop or we'll lose our home!"

Perhaps at this point it should be stressed that individual economic interest was by no means the only determining force in the public's reaction to sputnik. My complete findings might be summarized as follows:

1. There was no evidence at all of any panic or hysteria in the public's reaction. On the contrary, people generally tended to avoid looking at the dark side of the Soviet moon. They seemed to want to see the event in the light least threatening to this country.
2. Thus many men and women dismissed the satellite as having "no military significance" and as "only a propaganda defeat" for this country.
3. Others argued "we have something just as good which we're not showing because of secrecy."
4. Still others, while conceding that "maybe the Soviets have the jump on us in this," would add, "But we're ahead in other things."
5. That deeper misgivings stirred beneath this desire to put up a good front was indicated by the fact that most people interviewed thought that "we ought to do everything necessary to catch up,"

even to paying higher taxes "if necessary."

6. A sizable part of the public, though, felt that "no more money would be needed if the rivalry among the armed forces is stopped"; or "if more is spent on missiles, it should come from foreign aid" or "other waste." There were also some who admitted that "the Soviets could blitz us tomorrow" but who replied with a "no" to the question of whether taxes ought to be raised.

All of my interviewing was concentrated in the states of New York and New Jersey. Certainly a more intensive survey across the whole country would have yielded additional insights. Still, the responses given me followed a consistent enough pattern to justify, I believe, several observations and conclusions.

One thing that I found especially striking was how closely the public's reactions corresponded to the explanatory "line" which was coming from the White House. Relatively few persons repeated the criticisms which were being printed in newspaper editorials or were being made by members of Congress or by scientists. In talking about sputnik, most people tended to paraphrase what Eisenhower himself had said.

It was the President, of course, in his first public statement on sputnik, who minimized its military importance, who labeled it as primarily a propaganda blow to our world prestige. It was also he who had intimated that we had rockets and missiles of our own which we had not revealed. As I have pointed out, these were the comments people voiced most often in the course of these interviews.

Much of this, I suppose, reflected the natural tendency to look to the President for guidance in a novel situation. Fairly often, in the first days following sputnik when I asked what this country should do, the reply would be, "I'd leave that to the President. He ought to know." As the headlines out of Washington told of urgent presidential conferences and the appointment of missile expeditors, a new note began to enter the interviews. "The President will do all that needs to be done" was one typical comment; or "He's taking action now"; or "We may be behind, but we'll be on top again soon."

In short, the feeling I was left with was that through this whole six-week period the public generally tended to follow the President's lead.

In no community did I find any tendency on the part of the public to look for leadership to anyone else—to their newspapers or radio commentators, to Congressmen, or to men of science. Nor, with some exceptions, could people be said to be in advance of the President, or to be demanding more action than he was.

Of course, it may be that it takes time for the full implications of something like sputnik to sink in. Still, it was my feeling that the mass of the public was willing to leave it to the President to determine what our country's reaction to this event should be. As of this writing I would judge that the public will follow the President in whatever he asks to support a greater defense effort—but that if the President does not ask for enough the public is not likely to demand that more be done.

Some observers, of course, have interpreted the Democratic election sweeps in New York City and New Jersey as evidence of a loss of confidence in the President, caused largely by disillusionment over the sputniks. The results of my interviewing did not support this conclusion.

To each voter interviewed I made a point of asking how he or she felt about Eisenhower and "Would you vote for him again if he were running tomorrow?" Repeatedly housewives, workers, businessmen, clerks and others who said they intended to vote for either Democratic Governor Robert Meyner or Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner also declared that they would "stick with Ike." From the responses given me, I would judge that Eisenhower could have easily carried the states of New Jersey and New York, had he been running last November.

However, the President has alienated some of his 1956 supporters. A few of the voters who have turned against him complained of his Middle Eastern policy; others of Little Rock, although generally his handling of the school trouble there was endorsed by three out of every four voters I talked with. By far the largest part of the discontent with Eisenhower bespoke economic causes, such as unemployment and rising living costs or the failure to reduce government spending and taxes.

Only rarely did I find someone who had turned against Eisenhower because of sputnik. Many voters were asked specifically: "Has our falling behind the Russians made you think less of

Eisenhower?" Even persons who regretted having voted for Eisenhower would reply, "No; one man can't do everything"; or "I don't hold that against him."

Actually, it would be astonishing if confidence in Eisenhower were to be dissipated quickly, considering the deep emotions that lie behind it. On economic issues the President has never been especially secure in the public esteem and it is not surprising that resentments on this score break through so quickly, almost without meeting resistance. But the basic source of Eisenhower's popularity has been the widely held belief that "he ended the Korean War" and has "kept us out of war" since. As long as we stay out of war, many millions of Americans will follow him faithfully, even overlooking their disagreements with other Administration policies or actions.

In one Brooklyn district near Sunset Park, for example, almost every voter I interviewed was opposed to Eisenhower's sending troops into Little Rock. This district happens to be one into which Puerto Ricans have been moving, and this movement has turned the residents against "Negroes pushing too fast." All but one of these persons interviewed around Sunset Park intended to vote for Mayor Wagner. Without exception, they also said they would vote for Eisenhower again. "He saved us a lot of heartaches," explained one thirty-two-year-old shipping clerk. "With another president we would have been in war."

Again, a twenty-two-year-old farmer in Genesee County complained of how difficult it was to make ends meet. But when I asked if he wanted a Democratic president, he replied, "Whenever we've had high farm prices before, we've also had war. Maybe we'll just have to get used to lower farm prices if we are to have peace."

Eisenhower's slow-moving nature, for which he has been criticized so often, is not necessarily a liability in the public's view. In fact, it is precisely the quality which has endeared him to many voters. In Livingston County, New York, a twenty-six-year-old oil distributing worker was content with Eisenhower because of "how he handles these boil-overs abroad. He doesn't jump without looking. If Truman was President, we'd have been in war by this time," the man added.

Again, in Albany, a fifty-two-year-old school construction engineer cited sputnik as evidence of a "letdown in Eisenhower's second term." This engineer had voted for Roosevelt and Truman

and favored Governor Harriman's re-election. But when I asked if he would vote against Eisenhower tomorrow, the engineer replied, "No. He is a temperate man. He knows how to keep us out of trouble. I'm afraid of what the Democrats would get us into."

I would even doubt that Eisenhower's appeal has been weakened appreciably by his recent stroke. During the 1956 campaign I repeatedly asked people who told me they intended to vote for Eisenhower whether they thought he would live out his term. Many persons shrugged off the question with a fatalistic "who knows when any man is going to die." But a sizable number of voters echoed the comment of one Milwaukee fireman who confessed, "Frankly I don't think Eisenhower will live another four years. But I like how he has avoided trouble in all these international crises. War can come any time. I just hope he'll live long enough to keep the damage down."

The fact that Eisenhower's political appeal is rooted in this feeling that "he has kept us out of war" also helps explain the Democratic victories in New York City and New Jersey. In the voting for a Mayor or Governor, the "war" issue plays little or no part. This issue absent, the pro-Democratic feelings of the voters, reflecting their economic or ethnic backgrounds, reassert themselves with relative ease.

Then again, many Republican voters have told me, "We vote straight Republican nationally, but in local elections we pick the best man."

Drawing conclusions of *national* significance from local elections is a dubious business, particularly in the current political era. Partisans on both sides hail each favorable local turn as evidence of a trend in their favor. Actually, these alternating "landslides" by first one party and then the other only show that neither the Democrats nor the Republicans can command a sustained majority in the country today. Nor is either party likely to achieve such a majority in the near future.

The very fact that the public still reposes such confidence in Eisenhower places upon him a fearsome historical responsibility. All the evidence I was able to gather indicates that the President has, in effect, been guiding public opinion on this momentous issue. But toward what end—toward soothing our ruffled minds or

toward preparing the nation for sterner measures to come?

That is the crucial question which the President and his advisors must decide: which of these ends are they seeking? They must make the decision because these two objectives require sharply conflicting courses of action.

Many people are only too ready to pounce upon any statement minimizing sputnik's military significance and to use it to oppose a larger defense effort. As the public's fears are reassured, resistances to any security measure, including the continuation of foreign aid, will increase. If the nation is to make a greater, more sustained effort to protect itself, the dangers which justify such an effort must be made clear.

But the task of leadership goes beyond simply giving the people the "facts" of the perils which threaten us. The reactions of the people whom I interviewed about sputnik also show that *the way the economy is managed is one of the major influences shaping public opinion*. It is not mere chance that the threat of sputnik should be brushed aside by so many persons who want taxes reduced or who are suffering hardship because of inflationary rises in living costs. As our economy is now being run, every possible device is being used to create an insatiable civilian demand which begrudges every dollar that goes into taxes, even if it goes for national defense. At the same time, every pressure group has been encouraged to demand more for itself, to evade paying its share of the cost of the cold war, leaving the burden to be distributed through the harsh inequities of inflation.

If the President is to carry the country with him in a bolder defense program, he must not only spell out more clearly the reasons why this program is necessary, but his words must be reinforced by actions which will minimize the competition of civilian desires with our security needs. The more demanding the defense program, the sharper will be this competition. But whatever action is undertaken, firm management of the economy will be required to strengthen public support of our strategic policy.

Actually, this would only mean applying what was learned during World War II: everyone realized then that bad management of the home front would hurt us on the fighting front. We knew that if inflationary forces were allowed to run uncontrolled, they would increase the dollar

cost of every weapon and stimulate demands for civilian products which would compete with military needs for the available materials and manpower. We also knew that people could not be expected to accept a heavy tax burden unless living costs were stabilized.

What is lacking today is a recognition that these same principles and interrelations apply to a cold war economy as well. It is not that we need anything like the full panoply of wartime controls for mobilization. We do not. However, we do need to act on at least two lessons World War II taught us:

First, that, to repeat the phrase Bernard M. Baruch used so often, "all the separate pieces must be seen as parts of one whole" and dealt with according to a unified global strategy.

Second, that the government cannot wait on public opinion but must anticipate and shape it by sound action. Specifically, it was learned then that the government could not wait until "the public was ready" before curtailing civilian demand that competed with military needs; the proper course of action was to take what was needed for the fighting front, leaving the public no choice but to adjust to the situation. When such action was taken, as in the rationing of gasoline to save rubber, public objections died down soon enough.

In the current crisis it will not suffice to exhort the American people to "put first things first." The responsibility of leadership is to redirect our economic effort, narrowing the choices left to the public, so that the people will have no alternative but to put first things first. In a democracy a sound state of public opinion requires not only that the people be told the truth but that the government act on the basis of that truth. Words and actions must go together.

But will the President give us this kind of leadership? To do so would represent a sharp departure from the course of his administration thus far. Up to now the Eisenhower years have been marked by an overriding desire to conciliate and moderate the conflicts and tensions in the country. There can be little doubt, as I have written repeatedly, that this is what the mass of the public has wanted. They have wanted a President who seemed above the dividing quarrels of the Roosevelt period. They have wanted someone who would stay in the middle of the road, avoiding both war and depression, and who would not jump hastily to any extreme action.

This course of the President's has had, on the whole, a unifying effect upon the nation. But the forces loose in the world cannot be harmonized by "giving the American people what they want." Or, to put it more accurately, it is time to give the people what they *really* want, a full defense for their country, instead of the material ease they seem to crave.

There are some millions of Americans who might like to have the President ask for only half a loaf of effort, to be reassured that this is all that need be done. If the President did this, his popularity ratings might even soar.

But the public will also follow the President if he uses sputnik as a justification for a sweeping re-examination of our defense program. The full change that is needed cannot be ordered all at once. Over the next year the military services could absorb only a moderate budget increase. But the months ahead should be used to bring the whole economy under firm enough man-

agement so that whatever is necessary for our security can be taken first and we may begin adjusting ourselves to getting along on what is left. If the President does follow this course, he will find himself with a political fight on his hands. But there is no way of defending this country without such a fight.

It is the nature of our democracy that the resources needed to defend the nation are normally in the hands of the people. Before these resources can be turned against a foreign foe they must be collected up from the people through appropriations and taxes. This, in turn, makes every effort to marshall these resources something of a battle between the people and their own government.

The role of leadership is not to avoid the battle but to show us where our true interest lies, so that we will yield to our government what is needed to preserve our lives.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Samuel Lubell, author of the foregoing article, is currently directing an Opinion Reporting Workshop in the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia. In connection with this new undertaking and with the present article, Mr. Lubell sent a communication to the editor from which we quote:

"The public's reaction to sputnik provides a good illustration of the need for a new approach to the study of public opinion. To understand the role of public opinion in a democratic society we must learn to measure and report it as part of the whole of our national experience, to show how it is shaped by everything around us, including the way in which the economy is managed and the quality of our leadership . . . It is with this search for a total . . . study of public opinion that our Workshop will experiment. We will be aided by an advisory board composed of some of the nation's leading editors and of Columbia faculty members who are particularly concerned with public opinion.

"We have been working on methods of weighing and reporting the relation of leadership—both its presence and its absence—on public opinion. We are also planning a succession of continuing studies of the more important running issues of our time . . . We hope to have some [new] answers before [another] dog jumps over the moon or any enemy runs away with the American golden spoon."

WALLS AND BARRIERS

*A lively sermon read in stones, shingles, and glass
on what the "meaning" of a wall may be*

by EUGENE RASKIN

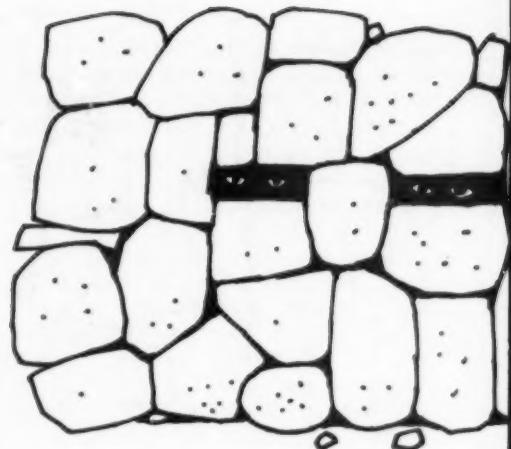
My father's reaction to the bank building at 43rd Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City was immediate and definite: "You won't catch me putting my money in *there!*" he declared. "Not in that glass box!"

Of course, my father is a gentleman of the old school, a member of the generation to whom a good deal of modern architecture is unnerving; but I suspect—I more than suspect, I am convinced—that his negative response was not so much to the architecture as to a violation of his concept of the nature of money.

In his generation money was thought of as a tangible commodity—bullion, bank notes, coins—that could be hefted, carried, or stolen. Consequently, to attract the custom of a sensible man, a bank had to have heavy walls, barred windows, and bronze doors, to affirm the fact, however untrue, that money would be safe inside. If a building's design made it appear impregnable, the institution was necessarily sound, and the meaning of the heavy wall as an architectural symbol dwelt in the prevailing attitude toward money, rather than in any esthetic theory.

But that attitude toward money has of course changed. Excepting pocket money, cash of any kind is now rarely used; money as a tangible commodity has largely been replaced by credit, a

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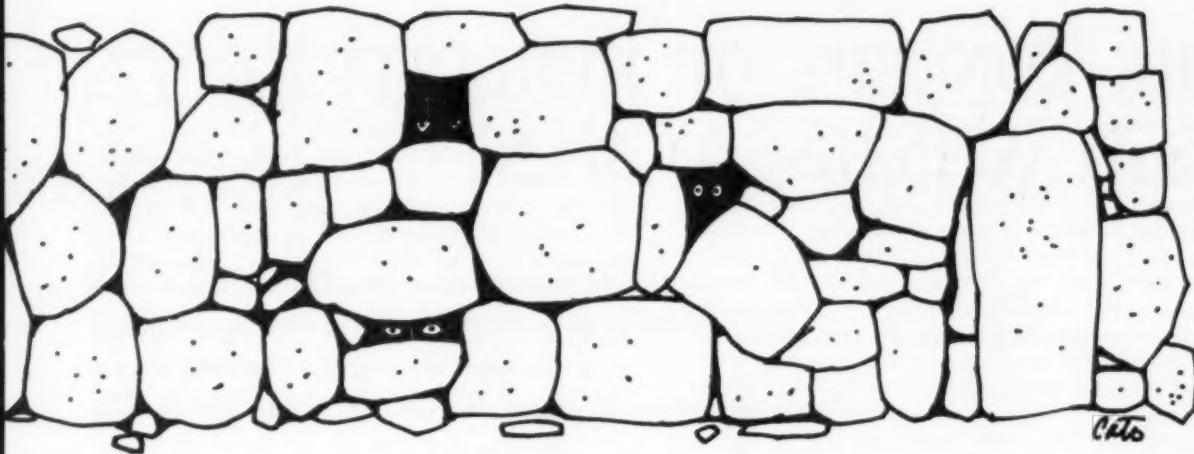


bookkeeping-banking matter. A deficit economy, accompanied by huge expansion, has led us to think of money as a product of the creative imagination. The banker no longer offers us a *safe*, he offers us a *service*—a service in which the most valuable elements are dash and a creative flair for the invention of large numbers. It is in no way surprising, in view of this change in attitude, that we are witnessing the disappearance of the heavy-walled bank. The Manufacturers Trust, which my father distrusted so heartily, is a great cubical cage of glass whose brilliantly lighted interior challenges even the brightness of a sunny day, while the door to the vault, far from being secluded and guarded, is set out as a window display.

Just as the older bank asserted its invulnerability, this bank *by its architecture* boasts of its imaginative powers. From this point of view it is hard to say where architecture ends and human assertion begins. In fact, there is no such division; the two are one and the same.

It is in the understanding of architecture as a medium for the expression of human attitudes, prejudices, taboos, and ideals that the new architectural criticism departs from classical esthetics. The latter relied upon pure proportion, composition, etc., as bases for artistic judgment. In the age of sociology and psychology, walls are not simply walls but physical symbols of the barriers in men's minds.

In a primitive society, for example, men pictured the world as large, fearsome, hostile, and beyond human control. Therefore they built heavy walls of huge boulders, behind which they could feel themselves to be in a delimited space



that was controllable and safe; these heavy walls expressed man's fear of the outer world and his need to find protection, however illusory. It might be argued that the undeveloped technology of the period precluded the construction of more delicate walls. This is of course true. Still, it was not technology, but a fearful attitude toward the world, which made people want to build walls in the first place. The greater the fear, the heavier the wall, until in the tombs of ancient kings we find structures that are practically all wall, the fear of dissolution being the ultimate fear.

And then there is the question of privacy—for it *has* become questionable. In some Mediterranean cultures it was not so much the world of nature that was feared, but the world of men. Men were dirty, prying, vile, and dangerous. One went about, if one could afford it, in guarded litters; women went about heavily veiled, if they went about at all. One's house was surrounded by a wall, and the rooms faced not out, but in, towards a patio, expressing the prevalent conviction that the beauties and values of life were to be found by looking inward, and by engaging in the intimate activities of a personal as against a public life. The rich intricacies of the decorative arts of the period, as well as its contemplative philosophies, are as illustrative of this attitude as the walls themselves.

We feel differently today. For one thing, we place greater reliance upon the control of human hostility, not so much by physical barriers, as by the conventions of law and social practice—as well as the availability of motorized police. We do not cherish privacy as much as did our ancestors. We are proud to have our women seen and

admired, and the same goes for our homes. We do not seek solitude; in fact, if we find ourselves alone for once, we flick a switch and invite the whole world in through the television screen. Small wonder, then, that the heavy surrounding wall is obsolete, and we build, instead, membranes of thin sheet metal or glass.

The principal function of today's wall is to separate possibly undesirable outside air from the controlled conditions of temperature and humidity which we have created inside. Glass may accomplish this function, though there are apparently a good many people who still have qualms about eating, sleeping, and dressing under conditions of high visibility; they demand walls that will at least give them a sense of adequate screening. But these shy ones are a vanishing breed. The Philip Johnson house in Connecticut, which is much admired and widely imitated, has glass walls all the way around, and the only real privacy is to be found in the bathroom, the toilette taboo being still unbroken, at least in Connecticut.

To repeat, it is not our advanced technology, but our changing conceptions of ourselves in relation to the world that determine how we shall build our walls. The glass wall expresses man's conviction that he can and does master nature and society. The "open plan" and the unobstructed view are consistent with his faith in the eventual solution of all problems through the expanding efforts of science. This is perhaps why it is the most "advanced" and "forward-looking" among us who live and work in glass houses. Even the fear of the cast stone has been analyzed out of us.

THE CONCEPT OF HEREDITY AS IT APPLIES TO MAN

One hundred years after Darwin and Wallace published the first formulations of evolutionary theory, a distinguished geneticist discusses what is known about hereditary and adaptive mechanisms in man.

by THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY

A century ago, in 1858, Charles Darwin and A. R. Wallace published their twin essays containing the fundamentals of the theory of evolution. The theory asserted that organisms now living on earth are the descendants of very different creatures which lived in the past. One of the notable effects of this theory was to throw into confusion, for a time, the basic "law" of heredity: children tend to resemble their parents.

"The whole subject of inheritance is wonderful," wrote Darwin in 1868. But it was not until the twentieth century that a solid basis for experimental studies of heredity was found with the re-discovery of Mendel's laws. Heredity is one of the basic determinants of human personality development, but there is little agreement, even to this day, about the nature and the extent of this determinism. Not only is the matter evidently important to biologists and anthropologists, but it has sociological and even political implications. Yet the concept of heredity, especially as it is applied to man, is now considerably clearer than it was in Darwin's day.

Since the times of Sir Francis Galton, heredity has been referred to, especially in popular writing, as "nature," and environment as "nurture." To at least some people, the word "nature"

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subtly conveys a sense of fatalist renunciation. "Nature" is surely not to be trifled with, and one must be audacious to hope to change in oneself or one's neighbors something which is due to the innermost "nature." The point easily overlooked is that human "nature," or any biological "nature" is quite powerless except when it interacts with some environment, and that the outcome of the interaction always and necessarily depends upon both interacting variables. In fact, the action of heredity consists basically in transforming a susceptible component of the environment, food, into a living body. Before all else, genes reproduce themselves. The sum total of genes which an individual receives from his parents is his *genotype*; the genotype interacts with the environment and makes the body grow and develop; the state or appearance of the body at a given moment is its *phenotype*. In a sense, our bodies, and hence our phenotypes, are by-products of the process of self-reproduction of the genes.

Now, the genes are chemical molecules, fairly large ones to be sure, so that they are courteously referred to as macromolecules. Just how these molecules manage to translate their reproductive activities into manufacturing a human body out of simple groceries is far from sufficiently known, and in any case cannot be discussed here. We must leave this matter with only the remark that self-reproduction is a fundamental property of living molecules. It may be the property which sets apart the living from the non-living.

The English language, and most other languages, use the same word for biological heredity and for inheritance of property. This leads to confusion. To say that skin or eye colors, in-

telligence, or pernicious anemia are inherited does not mean the same thing as the statement that somebody inherits real estate or money. The sum total of biological heredity which is handed down from the parents to their child is contained in two sex cells which unite at fertilization. Sex cells have no skin or eyes of any color. Yet, many people are surprised to find that Negro infants are born with skin of a lighter color than it will eventually become. Has nature temporarily cheated Negro infants of their inherited color? The answer is, of course, that they do not inherit color but only a capacity to form a pigment at a certain stage of the development of their bodies.

The idea that intelligence, temperament, and certain behavioral tendencies, such as tendencies towards criminality, are conditioned by heredity evokes powerful aversion in many people, because it wrongly suggests to them that man's destiny is fixed in the stuff his genes are made from. In his excellent and deservedly successful book on *Genetics and the Races of Man*, my friend W. C. Boyd lists me among those who deny the inheritance of mental traits in men. To this, I plead not guilty. I merely submit that genes do not work in the way some people believe they do. Your genes certainly have determined your intelligence, but only in the sense that a person with a different genotype might have developed differently if his life experience were approximately like yours. On the other hand, if you had an identical twin he might have acquired a personality different from yours if he had lived differently.

What we inherit are genes, not characters or traits. The genes interact with the environment in which they are placed. By so doing they determine the direction, the path, the trajectory which the development of a given person takes from conception, to birth, to maturity, to senescence, to death. We geneticists often speak or write as though the genes determined merely final states of various characters, especially those of the adult body. This is unrealistic; the development is never completed and the processes of senescence are just as much a part of the normal development pattern as are growth and organ formation. The genes, accordingly, do not determine any particular stage or goal of the development; they bring about *the development as a whole*, both the ascending portion in youth, and the descending part of the trajectory known as ageing and senility. In short, the genes

determine processes, not states.

A human sex cell contains many genes; the best guess is that the number of genes in a sex cell is of the order of tens of thousands. These genes are units of inheritance because they are units of self-reproduction, in other words because they can synthesize their own copies. It is probable that genes are also units of cell chemistry, since there is fairly good evidence that each of them is responsible for the formation of an enzyme or enzymes. Whether there exists a one-to-one correspondence between genes and enzymes as some people have thought is open to question. However that may be, one fundamental fact is certainly clear; that development of an individual does not take place by gradual accretion or summation of traits produced each by a single gene or by a group of genes. The heredity is particulate, since it is the sum total of the genes inherited; the development is unitary, since it represents a single and non-recurrent process of an individual's life. For descriptive purposes, we may consider "traits" and "characters" in isolation. It should be kept in mind, however, that "characters" are no more than aspects of a single process of living and that the life of an individual is brought about, jointly and severally, by all the genes which the organism has. Are, then, the genes or the environment more important as determinants of the process of living? Clearly, this is the wrong way to ask a question. There is no organism without genes or without environment; both are absolutely necessary to life, for life is interaction of genes and environment.

True, it would simplify matters if we could distinguish traits due to heredity from those due to environment. We often speak and write as though such a distinction were possible. The color of your skin is hereditary, but the language you speak is environmental. Head cold is due to infection, hence it is an environmental disease, but diabetes mellitus and pernicious anemia are hereditary diseases, hence they cannot, many people would automatically assume, be cured by environmental changes.

But the traditional dichotomy of hereditary vs. environmental traits is invalid. This is easily demonstrated. No doubt, one's skin color has something to do with those of one's parents, but at least some people can modify their skin pigmentation quite appreciably by taking a long vacation on a sunny beach or by staying indoors. Most children and some adults can learn to

speak any language, but in some low grade mental defectives the learning is uncommonly difficult and the defect may be hereditary. Besides, one has to be human to learn any human language, hence the learning presupposes a human genotype. Not even the most clever ape or the best trained parrot can manage to learn more than enough to be merely amusing to their human masters. Similarly, the virus of human head cold does not, as far as we know, infect dogs or cats or other domestic animals; and it is probable that some persons resist the infection more than do others. Head cold is a hereditary disease, in the sense that it afflicts carriers of human heredity. Diabetes mellitus, though hereditary, is cured by insulin injections, and pernicious anemia, though caused by possession of a dominant gene, is relieved by vitamin B₁₂. Most certainly, vitamin B₁₂ does not change the gene which causes pernicious anemia.

The question at issue is: what are the relative weights of the genotypic and environmental variables in causing differences among men. No single or simple answer to this question is possible, because these weights are not the same for different traits. For example, the observed variance in blood groups is, as far as known, wholly genetic. The diversity of languages which people speak is very largely or entirely environmental. Other traits form a spectrum, mostly between these extremes. Unfortunately, the location in this spectrum of numerous human characteristics and qualities which we regard as important in our fellow men is known only sketchily or not at all.

Much research is needed in this field. In planning and evaluating such research, two fundamental principles should be kept in mind. First and most obvious: a demonstration that a given trait is conditioned by heredity does not in the least exclude the possibility that the variation in this trait is controlled also by environmental influences. This may sound a bit too commonplace and yet an understanding of the compatibility of genetic and environmental causations might at least diminish, if not eliminate entirely, some polemics concerning the origins of certain mental disorders—schizophrenia, for example.

Secondly, the observed degree of heritability of a given character difference may be valid only for the time, place, and material studied. Simple examples will illustrate this. Consider the variability of weight in man. In a group of subjects

living together and receiving a uniform diet, the observed variation will probably be smaller than in a group whose diet is not controlled. Ideally, if the diet and other environmental conditions were kept quite uniform the observed variance would be entirely genetic; the greater the environmental diversity the more the genetic component of the variance is eclipsed by the environmental component. It has been found that among nineteen pairs of identical twins reared apart, differences in I.Q.'s (Binet) ranged from 1 to 24 points. When the social and educational environments of the twins were evaluated it was found that the magnitudes of the observed I.Q. differences were positively correlated with the magnitudes of the environmental differences, better environments resulting in general in higher I.Q.'s. The degree of heritability of that capacity which is measured by means of I.Q. testing is, accordingly, a function of the quality or inequality of opportunity which prevails in a given society or social stratum. The heritability is not a constant which can be established once and for all.

Man's environments are capable of rapid change. The environments may become more uniform in some respects, more diversified and complex in other respects. In modern industrial societies men are exposed to environments which were not encountered by our remote and even by our close ancestors. Furthermore, new environments are constantly created by man's ingenuity and man's follies. The phenotypes which result from reactions of human genotypes to their environments are, therefore, changing in time. At this point it is necessary to make clear that the "environment" and especially the human environment, is an inclusive concept. It is much broader than merely physical, geographic, or climatic environment. Indeed, man as a species has contrived to become progressively more and more independent of his physical environment, which he can alter according to his preferences and desires.

More important are the intellectual, social, economic, and technological environments. Animals and plants become adapted to their environments by, in the short run, changing their phenotypes within the bounds established by their genes—and, in the long run, by changing their genotypes. Man as a species possesses in addition a novel adaptive mechanism, unprecedented on the biological level except for mere vestiges from which the human estate has prob-

ably developed. This novel mechanism is culture. Human genes make an infant, and indeed a person of any age, receptive to training and conditioning by other members of the society or the group to which the person belongs. It is this conditioning, acquired in the process of socialization and acculturation, which is chiefly responsible for the molding of the aspects of the phenotype which are the personality and the character of a human being.

The genetically established capacity to absorb, transmit, modify, and create the body of learned tradition known as culture sets our species apart from all other biological species. Herein lies the biological uniqueness of man. This unique character of our species has become established in the evolution of our ancestors because it equipped them with an adaptive mechanism of an overwhelming potency. A human individual became able to profit not only by his own experience but also by that of others, to change his behavior accordingly, and even to add to or subtract from the cultural heritage of his group. It is tempting to say that man has two heredities, the biological and the cultural, while all other species have only the former. The profound differences between the two "heredities" call however for caution. Biological heredity is transmitted through sex cells; it is passed only in the direct line of biological descent. Transmission of culture is subject to no such limitation. With modern means of communication, it can be independent not only of biological descent but of space and time as well. Biological heredity does not transmit characters acquired by the body in the individual's lifetime. Cultural heredity *does* transmit acquired cultural characters, indeed it is wholly acquired by learning in every individual, never inherited in the sex cells. It is the part of the environment transmitted from generation to generation by teaching and learning instead of genes.

The evolutionary pattern of the human species is unique in the living world because it involves interactions of the three variables, heredity, environment, and culture, instead of the usual two, heredity and environment. The triangular interaction makes the situation complex, so much so that students of man have again and again succumbed to the temptation to simplify things by ignoring some of the variables. The scientific monstrosities of biological racism and diaper anthropology are among the consequences.

The concept of heredity evolved in modern bi-

ology can make a contribution towards a clearer understanding of the unique aspects of human evolution. It is the simple consideration that human phenotypes result from interactions between human genes and the cultural as well as physical environments in which people grow up and develop. At a certain stage of its evolution our species gradually became human—a "political animal" in Aristotle's words. From then on, the evolution of this species acquired and preserved a singular character. The genotypes which evolved and became established by natural selection facilitated the acquisition and transmission of culture. The establishment of these genotypes made possible rapid growth and development of culture. The sequence closed and became circular: the evolution of culture, of the human society, of technology and science, modifies the adaptive values, the Darwinian fitness of human genotypes. The process of natural selection is, therefore, channelled more and more toward adaptation to man-made environments. The purely "natural" or "biological" man has become an imaginary creature; not even the genius of Rousseau was able to conjure this creature into existence. Most certainly, this does not mean that human genetics has evaporated; human genes became an important component of the human man. Thomas Jefferson wrote: "I consider man as formed for society." We may add that man was formed in and by society, and that he continues to evolve as the only existing "political animal."

Darwin once described the natives of Tierra del Fuego, whom he saw during his voyage on the "Beagle" when they were still little touched by contacts with white men. These natives constructed only sketchy and, from our point of view, inadequate shelters, and had only scanty clothes. Yet they apparently withstood the murderous climate of their island with ease. I visited Tierra del Fuego some 123 years after Darwin. It was February, the warmest season there, but I shivered most of the time with two woolen sweaters and a woolen suit on. Naturally, I wondered whether the great resistance to cold of the Fuegians, and my relative lack of such resistance, were to any appreciable extent genetically conditioned. Then it occurred to me that this was not a matter of great consequence. After all, I was there, enjoying the sights despite the cold; the Fuegians were not there—except for a very few hybrid individuals now living white man's lives and wearing white man's clothes.

The News According to Whom?



by RICHARD C. WALD

What this world needs is a good five cent newspaper, and there are a few. But Americans need them more than most, because our greatest present requirement for self-government is information, the stuff whereby

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we live, derive our opinions, choose our ministers of power, and see the world around us. The sum of the daily practice of journalism is information. It is a practice which is a constant struggle with events to change the thing that has happened into the thing that is to be said, and so give a chance to see rightly and to act in accord with matters as they are, not as we suppose them to be.

Hindering this general attempt is a pernicious tendency for events to get out of hand and never to be exactly what they would seem. There was a time, a half-century or more ago, when men were really sure what happened. The bright young reporter ran out to the government office when the Secretary of War put out the call, took down on his pad the announcement that the government was about to pare down even further the size of the standing army, and reported it. Everyone else reported the same thing. A few cried boondoggle, or whatever, and there was an end of it.

But today a government order is not exactly what you'd think it is. The Secretary of Defense calls a press conference and announces a cut-back of two divisions. The bright young reporter runs back and says so. But first he checks the clips about government policy in the past and possible cuts in the future. At the same time, the business writers figure how much it will all cost and what the effect on certain localities will be. Those wise gentlemen on the news magazines provide the inside story about what had to be cleared with whom before the order went into effect, and the military experts begin re-evaluating the balance of power.

What is happening here is not simply that a group of people are standing around the same object and seeing different sides of it. By their very analysis and the influence they have on each other, these reporters and reports actually change what has happened. The thing is no longer simply what it was. A hundred different observers have taken the Secretary's announcement away from him and stared it into independent being. It becomes intractable, impossible to delimit, too big to stand alone as an action without the support of interpretation.

Nor is any item of news discontinuous; the bright young reporter or his weary elder counterpart must deal with that event again. On the second go-round he automatically cancels most of what has been written or thought about the subject and tries to refer to it in the simplest terms possible. Those terms he selects from the welter of possibilities already suggested by the first reports. As long as everything seems to fit, it's good enough and all that can be expected. In some cases, it is fatal to know too much because then the problem of simple reference becomes too difficult. The cumulative effect of a mass of small excisions is still another matter.

Reporters who cover a story or a government department or a foreign country get a different feel of it than the general public. That's what they write about on Sundays. It's the feel of things that is important, because we seem to make so many decisions by feeling rather than thought; unfortunately, this is the hardest thing of all to capture.

Herein, parenthetically, lies one of the great differences in foreign correspondence as practiced here and abroad. Take the two *Times'*—London's and New York's. The English paper is small. Its reporters have little space and are not tied down to reporting facts. They correspond in the ordinary sense: they write letters about the most interesting events and, more importantly, the way things appear to them. The American paper is large. Its reporters have a good deal of space and they attempt to stick to fact, or as much of it as can be set forth. From many facts and a little gentle prodding with suggested parallels and related information, they hope the true picture will arise, one that is as impersonal as possible. With an excellent reporter, either system works, although the English seems to drive a straighter line. If the reporter is less than excellent, the facts—provided there are enough of them—can keep the reader from wandering as far astray as the reporter's opinion may lead.

The report always depends on the reporter. There is an expression in New York: "What do you like?" One reporter sometimes asks this of another after a news break has occurred or a speech has been finished. The man who asks is trying to find out what is important in it all. He's trying to come up with the same story the other paper is going to have. That way, it looks as if he's got the right story. Because a newspaper article is constructed artificially—in that faintly ridiculous form wherein the most important thing is said first, giving a tone to the whole, and

then the whole story is told over again—if a reporter "likes" the wrong thing he can give an entirely different account of an event from the one written by the man sitting in the next seat. He can be very wrong. On Commencement Day of 1952, Dr. Grayson Kirk gave an address which was one of the early public discussions in this country of peaceful co-existence. *The New York Times* reported as much. The *New York Herald Tribune*, represented by a young man who was being graduated at the time, didn't pick that matter up until the middle of the story—a story that was about as wrong as it could have been.

There is always the possibility that if a reporter "likes" the wrong thing, his mistakes may never be corrected. Insofar as a citizen depends on one source of information, and this whether he lives in New York or that typical town where the main link between world affairs and daily life is the wire-service story, he depends upon the reporter to "like" the right thing and to give him a true picture of what is happening. To do so is often difficult.

As important as the choice among major alternatives of emphasis is what a reporter sees among the minor ones. Ruling out any tinkering with the events, there is still a wide range of possibilities in what can be observed of an action, even among professional observers. The few additional words that they use, not necessarily forced into the context or strongly colored in themselves, can change the meaning of an action.

Consider the early incidents in the Little Rock affair. After the Governor of Arkansas called out the National Guard to protect Central High School from nine Negro children, he telegraphed President Eisenhower at Newport, Rhode Island, that he was ready to "counsel together." One reporter noted of the message (in his sixth paragraph) "James C. Hagerty, White House press secretary, delivered it to the President on the grounds of the Newport Country Club." Another, in his second paragraph, said, "The President's electric golf car was waiting for him. Mr. Hagerty sped to the first green, where Mr. Eisenhower was waiting." The news is more or less the same, but its presentations, considering this President and this particular event, can add up to different stories.

A slightly different example was the annual stockholders' meeting of the Sperry Rand Corporation in July. The "basic" facts were that General Douglas MacArthur spoke at great length about "confiscatory taxation," a topic dear to his heart, and the stockholders got a report of com-

pany business. So much, in more detail, was reported the next day. One newspaper (the *Herald Tribune*) also reported that a Mrs. Victoria Davis stood up toward the end of the General's speech and threw the meeting into undignified confusion with a loud declamation: "I love my country. I love to pay taxes. I want to hear about Sperry Rand and dividends." It will never make a case for Pirandello, but what *really* happened? Did Mrs. Davis throw the General for a loss and did most of the attending press gloss over the whole incident? Or did she make her little speech so inconspicuously that to all but one man it wasn't worth reporting? A little re-checking indicates that Mrs. Davis did indeed cause momentary pandemonium, but most of the press felt she didn't quite fit into a business page story. Some other time, say in the election of a Teamster president or the deposition of an Indonesian leader, a little re-checking may not be feasible because the people concerned are not accessible or the facts have been obscured or erased a moment later; then the reporter has to watch himself, seeing to it that he catches the telling detail and doesn't leave out the incidents which may not seem to fit but can change the tone of the event.

In all this, a good reporter tries not to cheat, but to give the news as forthrightly and accurately as he can. To help him he has a set of conventions which are as real as they are arbitrary. A news story is like a chair: it is something made by craftsmen. Like a chair, too, it has a place for the seat and the legs and a little upholstery and just as the journeyman worker is trained to turn it out, the public is trained to accept it. It takes a genius to get away from the Chippendale style of newswriting and do it successfully, because the audience has a tendency to become confused. Cliches are, sadly, part of the convention. Not only do they make it easier for a writer to turn out the proper amount of prose in an indecently short space of time, but they slip easily across the reader's mind, inspiring recollections of similar occurrences in the past. Thus, when Robert Moses "blasts" the City Controller, or when the police "quell a near-riot" the words derive what meanings they have not from their definitions but from past acceptance.

The greatest convention of all, though, is outlook. The New York *Daily News* is racy. It looks at life and finds sex and sentimentality, just as it expects. The *Times* is inclusive. In its eye, the daily flux of things gives rise to texts, balanced reports, and a slight inversion of values wherein

events become important not for themselves but just because they have happened. *Time* magazine is all-knowing. It has an omniscient eye and peppermint-flavored prose which give it the value and reliability of literary toothpaste. Each major publication (and even some of the broadcasting networks, like CBS, where "the little picture" is supposed to contain the large significance) has its own outlook. With such handy assumptions, a reporter is prepared to view events and a reader is forearmed in interpretation. Without them, affairs tend to become muddled, and, as in a wrinkled mirror, seem distorted and unreliable. Thus, one of the main reasons put forth for the demise of *Colliers* was that, despite its rising circulation, advertisers were deserting because they couldn't find in it any "direction." It seemed to be floundering, so it was killed.

Of course, the commenting journalists spurn most of the conventions. Richard Rovere, James Reston, Walter Lippmann, all deal in terms once removed from the actual event; they try to find meaning, not to convey action, and therefore are more likely to be intelligible and valuable. Insofar as they succeed, they are able to say more, briefly, than the reports can say at length. It is easier to "like" the wrong thing with meanings than with events, yet the men who gain credence are not necessarily those whose words accord with the movement of the world and can be proved by the orderly march of time. Consider the difference between Westbrook Pegler and David Lawrence on one side of the telescope, and Murray Kempton and Walter Lippmann on the other. Sometimes they all agree. Generally, they don't. It is amazing that with presumably a single score played before them, they all hear different drummers. Still, they all inspire credence in someone.

Ultimately, though, they are all referable to the daily report, compiled by men who seldom worry about the impossibility of what they are doing, who generally try to do it well. Their worries are the pragmatic ones of a daily struggle with truth—what comes first? what should be kept? what thrown out? what should be done with an irresponsible statement by a prominent man? how much emphasis can be given to what looks important but is widely ignored? The sum of their solutions, without benefit of philosopher, is daily apparent. It results in a personal habit of limited attachment, close enough to kiss, far enough to tell. In a society ruled by its own opinions, there are few practices more valuable than this.

Two Poems from the Japanese

by *Chuya Nakahara*

Stillness

Nothing to question,
My heart is still.
Sunday on the covered walk
—They've all gone to the country.
The floorboards give cold glints,
A bird chirps in the garden.
From the leaking water-pipe
Drops flash in sudden sunlight.
The earth is rose-colored, in the sky a lark
The sky is the beauty of April.
Nothing to question,
My heart is still.

Translated by Donald Keene

To a Dragonfly

In an autumn sky too perfectly clear
A red dragonfly is winging.
In the empty field I stand
Bathed in pale sunset.
The smokestack of a distant factory
Meets my eye, blurred in evening light.
Breathing a great sigh
I kneel and pick up a stone.
When I feel the pebble's coldness
Warm at last within my hand,
I let it go, and now over grass
Bathed in sunset glow it skims.
The skimmed-over grass
Droops earthwards, just perceptibly
The smokestack of the factory in the distance
Meets my eye, dim in evening light.

Chuya Nakahara (1907-1937) is now recognized as one of the important Japanese poets of the thirties. While he was alive, however, his purely literary gifts were overshadowed by his reputation as a "Bohemian" of the most uninhibited sort. His early poems show the influence of French literature (particularly the works of Verlaine and Rimbaud), but he developed into a poet of original and individual expression.

D.K.

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by GRAYSON KIRK

LAFAYETTE and the Politics of Liberty

Two hundred years ago, there was born at the chateau of Chavaniac in the Auvergne a child who was baptized as Marie-Joseph-Paul-Yves-Roch-Gilbert du Motier, marquis de Lafayette. Seventy-seven years later, on May 20, 1834, he died in Paris, a figure honored throughout the world wherever there were men who shared his passion for liberty. Between these two dates of birth and death there was lived out a life of high adventure and of passion-

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ate devotion to great causes; a life which ranged from the dizzying peaks of national idolatry in two countries to the dismal obscurity of a prison cell; a life that knew the glittering luxury of the *ancien régime* and the hardships of Valley Forge.

It is true, of course, that no man who took a prominent part in the American Revolution or in French public affairs during the turbulent years which followed it could have avoided high adventure. Why, then, did Lafayette acquire such special eminence in his own time, an eminence that has continued to grow in the century and a quarter since his death? Why, when his body was borne by a vast military escort to the cemetery of Picpus in Paris, was his place in history already secure? Why have Americans, especially, come to venerate him as one of the

Lafayette, in his passion and energy, remains one of history's most engaging romantics, his life "the stuff of Arthurian legend." This biographical account follows his turbulent career in Revolutionary France after 1781.

truly heroic figures of an era that was filled almost past counting with men of extraordinary capacities?

If one would answer these questions—if one would assess what Lafayette means to us in the twentieth century, one must study the record of his life and his role in the salient events and activities of his time.

To do so is to be impressed first of all by Lafayette's precocity. Perhaps it was not unusual by the standards of the time, but it is not common in our day for a young man to be married at the age of sixteen and to be appointed, as he was, a Major General in any army—in this case, the American—at the age of nineteen. At the age of twenty-four Lafayette was back in France, the great American adventure behind him, and with a royal appointment as *Maréchal de Camp* awaiting him.

After his home-coming, there was to be little peace or quiet for the young man whose start in life had been so brilliant. It was his destiny to have been born at an eventful time in the history of his own country as well as that of the New World and he could not evade active participation in the whirlwind of events that swept over France at the end of the decade. When the Assembly of Notables was called together in 1787, it was Lafayette who spoke out most forcefully of all, demanding an investigation that would put an end to the waste of government moneys. It was Lafayette who reminded the government that "the millions that are being dissipated are raised by taxation, and that taxes can only be justified by the true needs of the State; . . . the millions given over to depredation and cupidity are the price of the sweat, the tears and even the

blood of the people . . ." One wonders if Sir Winston Churchill ever read that quotation.

Thereafter Lafayette's lot was cast, of necessity, with the people and not the court. As he wrote to Washington, "The King and his family, as well as the great nobles of his entourage, with the exception of a few friends, do not forgive the liberties that I have taken and the success that I have attained among the other classes of the nation."

Following his adhesion to a petition of protest from 300 gentlemen of Brittany (where he had property) Lafayette felt the weight of the King's displeasure and his appointment as *Maréchal de Camp* was withdrawn.

The young man had audaciously demanded the convocation of the States General two years before the King called the meeting in 1789, and when the States General coalesced to form the National Assembly, it is noteworthy that one of his first significant acts was to propose a text for a European Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens. The final text adopted later by the Constituent Assembly was couched in terms almost identical to those he had proposed.

But Lafayette's principal role in the developing revolution was not as a political philosopher but as a leader. There should be no confusion on this point. Chosen as Commander of the Parisian Militia by popular acclaim, he struggled vainly to hold in check the mounting violence of a populace too long subjected to the harassment of irresponsible authority. When the Militia became the National Guard his responsibility widened, and his position was soon threatened by a major reverse. The royal family disregarded the obligation accepted by the King

to support a constitutional monarchy and fled from Paris. Their arrest and safe return to the capital on Lafayette's orders prevented a crisis.

The Constituent Assembly ended its work in September, 1791; in early October, Lafayette seized the opportunity to resign his post and to return to Chavaniac for a much-needed rest. But the change was too great to be genuinely satisfying in a time of such national crisis, and at the end of December he was back in Paris, named by the King as supreme commander of one of the three armies being formed to protect the borders of France. By January, 1792, he was at his post in Metz.

From the beginning, this military assignment was impossible because the political situation in Paris was disintegrating. The troops became pawns in the struggle for civil authority in the National Assembly. When the powers of the King were suspended by the Assembly in August, and when Lafayette openly opposed and resisted this step, he exposed himself to the mounting fury of the Jacobins. Formally condemned by the Assembly, not only his liberty but his life hung in the balance, and he had to face the difficult alternatives of flight from France or the probability of the guillotine. His choice of the former was no act of cowardice; such a sentiment was foreign to his nature. He made the choice simply because the sacrifice of his life would be useless to the cause. As he wrote to his wife, ". . . *j'allais mourir sans fruit.*"

So he fled across the frontier and gave himself up to the enemy. In doing this, he hoped, vainly, that he could fall back on his American citizenship, obtain safe conduct, and be permitted to go to a neutral country. But he was too prominent, too much under suspicion by the other rulers of Europe as an architect of revolution. It is indeed the irony of history that this man who had been compelled to flee from France because he defended the principle of royalty was now thrown into prison because of his alleged anti-royalist activities.

There followed five weary years of confinement, while the Revolution ran its course. In September, 1797, Lafayette and his family—his wife and two daughters had been permitted to join him during the latter part of his imprisonment—were finally released. There followed two years of further waiting in the Low Countries until the political climate of Paris

could be judged sufficiently favorable, and it was not until November, 1799, that he once again saw the spires of Notre Dame looming over the gray buildings of the Ile de la Cité.

Napoleon was now First Consul and he was far from happy over the unauthorized return of Lafayette. But he was quickly reassured that the General had no intention of resuming a public career. In fact, Lafayette proposed to live in retirement at La Grange, which his wife had inherited. Their other estates had long since been confiscated. He retired formally from the army, received his pension and avoided public appearances whenever possible. Nonetheless, he did not conceal his growing concern over the tendency of the First Consul to concentrate more and more power in his own hands. When Napoleon taxed him with this lack of loyalty, he replied with devastating and characteristic frankness,

"What more can I do? I live in the country, I am in retirement, I avoid occasions for speaking out; but every time that anyone comes to ask me if your regime is in conformity with my ideas of liberty, I will reply, 'no,' for in fact, general, I do want to be prudent, but I do not want to be a renegade."

Naturally, when Napoleon became Consul for life, the breach between the two men became definitive. Thus it was from the calm security of La Grange, interspersed with occasional visits to Paris, that Lafayette watched the unrolling of the Napoleonic drama.

After Waterloo, Lafayette had a considerable role in forcing the abdication of Napoleon; he had a brief and unsuccessful task as a member of a commission to undertake tentative negotiations with the victorious rulers; and when his final hopes were crushed by the Restoration, he took once more the road to La Grange. A year passed, and another, and Lafayette was back again in the Chamber of Deputies leading the liberal opposition, demanding freedom of the press, voting as he had done thirty years before against the *lettres de cachet*. Now, however, he moved into the domain of actual conspiracy as he flirted with the revolutionary schemes of French Carbonari groups and speedily found himself in an atmosphere uncongenial to one who had spent so much of his life in open, rather than clandestine, struggles against the enemies of liberty.

Inevitably, the fickleness of public opinion had its day and he lost his seat in the election of 1824. He was free to accept President Monroe's

invitation to be the guest of our nation. During the Revolution he had fondly hoped to enter New York and to liberate that Tory stronghold from British domination, but the closest he came was on a reconnaissance mission the other side of the Hudson.

It may well be that his 1824 reception in New York inaugurated the lavish welcomes for state guests which have become such an important part of the City's social activities. At any rate, the *Commercial Advertiser* for August 16, 1824 records that his reception "presented the most lively and moving spectacle that we have witnessed on any former occasion." He was hailed from boats and from the shore as the ship which carried him drew into the harbour, and his route through the city was covered not, of course, with ticker tape, but by fresh flowers thrown from windows by an admiring citizenry.

Wildly acclaimed, almost as a legendary figure returned to life, he spent a year visiting throughout the whole extent of the union, renewing old friendships, making speeches, and enduring endless banquets.

It was, by the way, on the occasion of this triumphal tour that Lafayette visited Columbia University. However, according to the account of his secretary, it would seem that among the schools he visited in New York, it was not Columbia, but a free school for young Africans, administered by the Society for the Freedom of the Blacks, that inspired his most lively interest. The success of this long tour was brilliant and one of his friends who hastened to see him on his return found him "big, plump, fresh, joyful . . ."

Back in France, he was once more returned to the Chamber. Once more he mounted the tribune demanding ever more freedom for the people of France. When the barricades again were raised in 1830, it was Lafayette who became commander of the National Guard and *de facto* the master of the situation. So great was his influence that, without his support, it is doubtful if the Duke of Orleans would ever have been asked to assume the throne. Lafayette, however, was always unhesitating in his preference for a constitutional monarchy as against a republic for France, and, as always, the King feared his power. At the end of the year his forces were placed under the Ministry of the Interior, effectively suppressing his post as Commander and he retired once again to La Grange.

But within the year the wheel had turned full circle and he found himself pitted against the government over the proposal to create heredi-



tary peerages, over the refusal of French officialdom to give aid and succor to the battling Poles and the Italians. And so, struggling on with his endless crusade, he lived to the full the three years that remained of his life.

It was a long, full, and adventurous life, but many a man who lived in those tumultuous decades had as much. What, then, set Lafayette apart, both in the minds of his contemporaries and in the imaginations of historians who have confronted him since?

First of all, Lafayette was not a profound political theorist. He listened intently to others; he could write and speak persuasively; he was passionately interested in the swirling currents of political doctrine that swept about him; but he was not an original thinker. He was a man of action, the leader who sought to convince people of the wisdom of views he had absorbed from others. This judgment is made in no reproachful way; the times brought forth political theorists of great profundity on both sides of the Atlantic. We are fortunate that Lafayette did seek a life of activity rather than one of reflection.

Although he spent a great part of his mature life in politics, his biographers seem to agree that he had no great talent for the political maneuvering that is the daily activity of the professional politician. Guizot said that he often failed to foresee the probable results of his actions. Napoleon, scarcely an objective reporter, observed that because of Lafayette's political

credulity he was constantly being duped by men and events.

In appraising these and many other comments of like nature, let us remember that our French friends have terrifyingly high standards of judgment concerning skill at political manipulation. An expert in many another country would have been judged a mere tyro in the France of Lafayette's day quite as much as he would be in the France of the Fourth Republic. Even so, we may accept the fact that Lafayette did not have the attitude of the professional political manipulator. Whether this was due to his own tastes or to a shrewd sense of his own limitations, I do not know. But it is true, I believe, that he generally maintained an aloofness and a detachment concerning maneuvering even when he was fully engaged in it. At all times he was the gentleman in politics, not the professional politician, and this may explain some of those barbed criticisms of his contemporaries that have affected his continuing fame in his own native land.

Perhaps the greatest reason why he may not have been a skilled manipulator is the fact that Lafayette was an uncompromising man of principle. When expediency and principles clashed, expediency always lost the match. His code was so rigid that, for example, he preferred to stay on in his fetid prison rather than to accept what he regarded as unworthy conditions set by the Austrian Emperor for his release.

His detractors have often referred slurringly to his unquenchable thirst for popularity. Even Jefferson, who liked him, noted this tendency, and he himself confessed it. But while it is undeniable that Lafayette did enjoy the sunlight of approval and encouraged it to shine upon him, this could not have been the all-absorbing passion that his enemies declared it to be. Had such been the case, he would never have been willing—as he so frequently was—to jeopardize or sacrifice all his popularity for the sake of fidelity to principle. This being true, one suspects that he cultivated popularity because it was necessary in a representative form of government to the achievement of the ends he sought, and not merely a means of gratifying his vanity.

There is no better demonstration of his passionate devotion to principle, even at the expense of popularity, than his long battle for a constitutional monarchy in France. Because of this he lost the support of both Right and Left during the Revolution. Because of this he broke with Napoleon. Because of this he struggled

first to liberalize the Restoration and then to overthrow it. Because of this he turned implacably against the Orleanist monarchy he had helped to create. Much as he admired democracy in America, he was convinced that a constitutional monarchy was better for France and he worked single-mindedly—and vainly—for more than forty years to achieve it.

Perhaps this was due to mature reflection. Perhaps it could be explained by the fact that Lafayette was a gentleman of the old regime, but one with democratic convictions, one who could reconcile these conflicts in his own views and attitudes only by supporting a constitutional monarchy on the emerging English pattern. He wrote once to his wife that "my heart would have been republican if my mind had not given me this nuance of royalism, and if my fidelity to my oaths and to the national will had not made me a defender of the constitutional rights of the King." All that this means is that he was a liberal aristocrat who, better than many of his contemporaries and perhaps because of his American experiences, had found a workable solution to the dilemma of authority and tradition versus liberty.

This, however, was the only concession he would make. And he would make this only if the monarchy would be so genuinely constitutional that it would pose no threat to liberty. This last word embodies the goal of his life. He may have gone to America as a lad of nineteen in search of glory quite as much as out of conviction about the cause of the Colonists. He may have gone in part to avenge the father he had never known, the father who had been killed by an English musketball. But one thing is certain: he came back from America with a life-long dedication to the cause of human freedom.

So great was his passion, so enduring was it, that he strove to get aid for the Greeks in their struggle for independence, for the Poles in their efforts to rebind the shattered fragments of their nation, for Bolivar, and all the other South American patriots who fought to cast aside their Spanish political ties. Wherever men strove for liberty, there was his heart. His zeal at times led him to support dubious men and causes, but who is to say that it is better to be so cautious as to temporize on all issues than to believe so passionately in an ideal that one is willing to risk much for it?

But these comments have not yet answered the query concerning the reason for Lafayette's legendary and lasting popularity. It is altogether

likely that the American Revolution would have followed the same course and with the same results even if Lafayette had never left France to help us. It is equally likely that the political history of France would not have been profoundly different without him. What, then, is his importance?

The answer is disarmingly simple. It is Lafayette, the symbol, even more than Lafayette, the military leader or Lafayette, the political leader, whose image is in the hearts of men even today.

First, Lafayette is a symbol of the romantic ideal. Here is a youth born to the nobility who forsakes wife and family, risks his status in life, to sail away and befriend an alien people in a war against tyranny and oppression. This is almost an archetype of the brave knight *sans peur et sans reproche* who goes questing about the world seeking evil that he may destroy it. Here is the stuff of Arthurian legend brought to life. Some of our own youths may be confused about the precise identities of Lafayette, Sir Galahad, or even Wyatt Earp, but the principle as symbol is the same and it lies deep at the heart of the American credo.

To Americans, Lafayette also stands as a symbol of the rightness of our action against the British Crown. By his decision to help us, he reinforced our own moral justification for revolt. By his failure to bring ordered, democratic liberty to his own country, he symbolized the struggle between the corrupt Old World and the shining New World. In this sense, he becomes not only a symbol of chivalry, but a symbol of national righteousness.

Finally, and historically most important of all, Lafayette has come to be the master symbol

of French and American friendship. Because of Lafayette, generations of Americans have disregarded the simple fact that a decaying French monarchy came to our aid not because of our principles, which were abhorrent to it, and not *pour nos beaux yeux*, but because it was a heaven-sent opportunity to give the British a black eye. The powerful evocation of the Lafayette symbol is borne out by the more than half a hundred towns, counties, villages, and parks, not to mention the innumerable streets, avenues, and boulevards, that bear his name.

In our national existence we have fought in bloody warfare with the British, the Germans, the Italians, the Spanish, the Japanese and the Chinese. To put the matter another way, we have fought with all the major powers of the world except the Russians and the French, and our relations with the Russians could scarcely be described as friendly. Save for a squabble with the French at the end of the eighteenth century, we have enjoyed virtually unbroken friendship through all the vicissitudes of more than a century and a half. Is it too much to say that the Lafayette symbol of good will and affection between our peoples has been an important factor in bringing this about?

Here is a symbol that has become a reality. It is a reality cherished by two peoples of different cultures. Our hearts both in America and in France are lifted by it, not merely because we know it is valuable to both our countries, but because in it we rise above the calculations of statecraft, in it we glimpse for a moment the vision of the future when all peoples will feel about each other as our two peoples do. It is a vision which Lafayette would have found profoundly satisfying.

THE DECISION NOBODY NOTICED:

The Supreme Court on Obscenity

by WALTER GELLHORN



In the same session which set the public and the press vibrating to matters of security and subversion as they had not in many months, a sharply divided Supreme Court in June, 1957, decided that "obscenity is not within the area of constitutionally protected speech or press." It was a decision that went virtually unnoticed. It followed that a New York bookseller could rightfully be convicted under a federal law that prohibits the mailing of any "obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy book," and that a California bookseller could similarly be convicted under a state law that penalizes anyone who "willfully and lewdly . . . keeps for sale . . . any obscene or indecent writing."

Justice Harlan criticized the majority opinion written by Justice Brennan, because it "seems to assume that obscenity is a peculiar *genus* of speech and press, which is as distinct, recognizable, and classifiable as poison ivy is among plants." Harlan thought the assumption somewhat farfetched.

According to Justice Brennan, the constitutional freedom of expression extends only to "ideas having even the slightest redeeming social importance." "Obscenity," he said, was not of that stamp—as witness, among other things, "the universal judgment that obscenity should be restrained, reflected in the international agreement of over 50 nations." The Court's opinion does not note, however, that this 50-nation agreement has been entirely inoperative throughout

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its 35 years of existence because the nations' delegates cannot agree upon what is obscene.

The Court advises us that "sex and obscenity are not synonymous"—a reassurance that will comfort advertising agencies and calendar manufacturers who stimulate sales by stimulating sexual fantasies. To be obscene, the Court says, the questioned material must appeal to "prurient interest"—which, as a footnote explains, means that it must have "a tendency to excite lustful thoughts."

A careful study of adolescent boys, reported by Glenn V. Ramsey in the *American Journal of Psychology*, has revealed that their lustful thoughts have been excited by such diverse things as taking school tests, receiving grade cards, and listening to "The Star Spangled Banner," none of which are likely to trouble the Supreme Court. In any event, the Court says, these aberrational cases are to be ignored. Instead, the test to be utilized is "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest." Application of this test, the majority believes, can safely be left to jurors, who are quintessentially "average persons" able to estimate the "contemporary community standards," and even to judges and administrators, who are assumed to have their fingers on the pulse of community prurience.

The record of the past gives little if any reinforcement to the Court's calm optimism that sound and reasoned judgments will now emerge. *Gulliver's Travels*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Leaves of Grass*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *The Kreutzer Sonata* are among the many meritorious works that have been censorially suppressed in their times. Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*, now on its way to motion picture exhibition, is deemed obscene in Massachusetts and Colorado, though not in Pennsylvania and New York; Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* is an obscenity in New York and, if not a work of art, at least a passable writing elsewhere; Lillian Smith's highly regarded novel, *Strange Fruit*, has been lowly regarded in Massachusetts; Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, James Joyce, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neil, John Dos Passos, Erich Remarque, and many other contemporary writers of some distinction are deemed pornographers in one or more of the American states. Censors are not, after all, persons of a common temperament who have a uniform judgment. In truth, as Eric Larrabee once exclaimed,

one man's sex may be another's psychoneurosis. Obscenity is not an objective fact that can be "found." It is, rather, a reflection of subjective, unstandardized, and inarticulate impressions, a variable not only from person to person, but from time to time and place to place.

Much of the support for censorship derives from a widely held belief that reading is likely to be reflected in behavior. The admittedly incomplete scientific evidence now at hand suggests quite the contrary. Extensive studies of delinquent children are strongly persuasive that their delinquent behavior is not connected with "bad" reading. Dr. Benjamin Karpman, chief psychotherapist of Washington's St. Elizabeths Hospital, has concluded about adults that, "contrary to popular misconception, people who read salacious literature are less likely to become sexual offenders than those who do not, for the reason that such reading often neutralizes what aberrant sexual interests they may have." The findings of a number of investigations agree that direct rather than vicarious experience is the more potent influencer of behavior. All reading provides vicarious experience, but one wonders if fiction is not likely to be less significant as a spur to conduct than, say, the *New York Daily News*, which presents diurnal accounts of the lusts, bloodsheddings, and corruptions of "real life."

In any event, the Court's present opinion does not seem to have been founded upon any real or imagined nexus between reading matter and objectionable behavior of a sort the legislature could validly condemn. The tests of social impropriety that were used to convict the defendants in these cases clearly referred to thoughts and not to deeds. The judge's charge to the jury in one of the cases included an instruction that a book could not lawfully be offered for sale if it "tends to stir sexual impulses and leads to sexually impure thoughts"—a measurement that, as Justice Harlan said, might very possibly illegalize "much of the great literature of the world." In the other case, the trial court asserted that a book should be judged obscene "if it has a substantial tendency to deprave or corrupt its readers by inciting lascivious thoughts or arousing lustful desire." The late Judge Jerome Frank, who viewed with a skeptical eye all attempts of this nature to define obscenity, was apparently mistaken when he wrote in one of his opinions:

no sane man thinks socially dangerous the arousing of normal sexual desires. Consequently, if reading

obscene books has merely that consequence, Congress, it would seem, can constitutionally no more suppress such books than it can prevent the mailing of many other objects, such as perfumes, for example, which notoriously produce that result.

Judge Frank no doubt had in mind the results of a questionnaire distributed among American college women in order to discover the chief stimuli of their "lascivious thoughts" and their "sexual impulses." Dancing, music, and, to some extent, even reading seemed to have stirred the young ladies; but by far the largest number of those questioned answered very simply that their chief stimulus had been MAN—an obscenity whose abolition, one ventures to hope, the Supreme Court will not approve even by a five-to-four vote.

As Justices Douglas and Black insisted in a dissenting opinion, the Court's ruling seems to sanction the infliction of punishment for provoking subjective reactions rather than for overt acts or anti-social conduct. The dissenters were unwilling to endorse the proscription of allegedly obscene writings unless and until a persuasive showing can be made that they do in fact shape human behavior. The standard of what offends the community's conscience conflicted, in their view, with the First Amendment's command that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." An offense to the community's conscience would certainly not be censorable if religion, economics, politics, or philosophy were involved. "How," asked the dissenters, "does it become a constitutional standard when literature treating with sex is involved?" The dissenters rejected

the implication that problems of speech and press are to be resolved by weighing against the values of full expression the judgment of the Court that a particular form of that expression has 'no redeeming social importance.' The First Amendment, its prohibition in terms absolute, was designed to preclude courts as well as legislatures from weighing the values of speech against silence.

If, as the Constitution presupposes, the American people can be trusted to sort out the true from the false in theology, economics, and politics, the dissenting judges were willing to trust the people to make their own literary choices as well.

For the moment, the censor's role has been exalted and the values of untrammeled expression have been subordinated by the Supreme Court majority. Undoubtedly the decision in this instance, unlike holdings in other recent cases, will not embroil the Court in controversy

with the authoritarian elements of society. Many persons are sincerely convinced that "bad" writings can be officially separated from the tolerable, and should then be suppressed. They will applaud the Court for agreeing with them.

But the victory may not be permanent. As President Griswold of Yale has observed, "In the long run of history, the censor and the inquisitor have always lost."

Of course even if there were to be an ending of censorial attitudes toward writings, a community would not be defenseless against objectionable conduct. There would still be full play for penal and regulatory laws that deal with behavior counter to the general sense of propriety. The printing and distribution of books which will be read only by those who choose to do so is very different from, for example, the scrawling of well-known but unlovely words on the walls of the village square. The community ought to be free to read, but it should not be compelled to do so. Sexual or scatological behavior that is offensive to the community should not be thrust upon it. Nobody has campaigned against laws that are focused on "public indecency" of one sort or another, in an effort to prevent unwelcome intrusions upon the citizenry's sensibilities.

Moreover, much can be said in favor of laws aimed directly at those who seek to capitalize upon concupiscence by claiming an ability to dispense sexual delights via the written word. The advertisements of purveyors of what some publishers call "hard core pornography" are often more disgusting than the material they distribute. Sometimes, it may be added, the advertisements play fast and loose with the customers' credulity as well as their sexual curiosity and hunger. A few years ago a wily fellow advertised in the pulp magazines that for only one dollar he would send *in a plain wrapper* three comic books that bore well-known titles and were widely distributed through legitimate channels—"You know what I mean, boys. A lot of good laughs. The sort of thing you will want to share with the gang. This is the *real stuff*." To those who placed orders, he obligingly mailed *in a plain wrapper* the three comic books he had tantalizingly advertised; they were indeed the *real stuff*, being identical with copies that could have been purchased for ten cents at the nearest news stand. While this vendor may have disappointed his customers' expectations even more sharply than did many of his

competitors, all of them capitalize on the inflated value that attaches to any presentation of sex upon which suppression has been attempted. The shoddy products they sell gain most of their attractiveness from the fact that they are seductively forbidden—much as “For Adults Only” motion pictures become virtually irresistible lures for non-adults.

Traders in goods of that general character—whether or not they are out-and-out frauds—are of small social value. Legislation that isolated them for condemnation would no doubt have wide support. The difference between such laws and the censorial laws the Supreme Court has upheld is plain. Censorship strikes at the writing itself; if the censor's aim is faulty, as it has usually proved to be, the casualties are likely to include worthy literary works along with the cheap. By contrast, laws directed at peddlers of meretricious wares do not touch meritorious writings. The test of impropriety involves not so much a judgment about the material that was

disseminated as about the circumstances of its dissemination. The panderer to “a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion” (which is how the American Law Institute recently defined “prurient interest”) may be identified in most instances by the conduct of his business, without the need of making an all-or-nothing judgment concerning the writing he sells.

Those who oppose censorship neither deny the existence of immorality and crime, nor approve of them. They doubt that censorship will in fact eliminate or moderate them, because their causes lie elsewhere than in reading matter. A more useful, though much more difficult, policy is that which stimulates individual selectivity—the “self-censorship” that channels interest and attention in one way rather than another. As a recent study of reading has said, “Sensitivity and response to the better is an effective protection against the more superficial attractions and grosser influences of the worse.”

The Rough Rider's First Campaign

When Theodore Roosevelt, a student at Columbia Law School in 1881, ran for office in the New York State Assembly, he needed—and got—the support of fellow Columbians as well as that of the Republican machine of the Twenty-first Election District. In his autobiography Roosevelt notes that

In those days each party had a booth near the polling-place in each election district, where the party representatives dispensed the party ballots. This had been a district in which, as a rule, very early in the day the Republican election leader had his hat knocked over his eyes and his booth kicked over and his ballots scattered . . .

On election day, November 9th, the better part of the Columbia football team took up positions at the polls and stood ready to tackle any potential troublemakers who might try to upset the twenty-three-year-old greenhorn . . .

When the election results were in, Roosevelt had swept his district.

From a release by the Columbia University News Office, in connection with the centennial of T.R.'s birth, 1958.

I've Been Reading

Why I Can't Get Through THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA

by NORMAN PODHORETZ

When the editor of the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM asked me to write a short article on the books I had been reading recently, my first reaction was a certain distaste for the idea. It summoned up associations of the nineteenth-century bibliophile who had an income and servants and an enormous library of books all bound in rich morocco (or whatever the Victorians used for opulent bindings), and who had nothing to do all day but browse pleasantly amid the Treasures of the Past, relishing a snippet of Voltaire, downing a draught of Fielding, sniffing a stanza of Tennyson, and then perhaps turning out a charming little essay on the delights of literature. I remembered Edmund Wilson's good-natured parody of just that sort of thing in *The Shores of Light*: "With how sure an expectation of solace, amid the turmoil and perplexities of our time, do I turn, when the fires

Norman Podhoretz's recent remarks in the *New Leader* about his own generation of Americans have been reprinted and widely quoted. He has written for the *New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, and other publications, and is on the staff of *Commentary*. A 1950 graduate of Columbia College, he studied also at Cambridge University.

of evening are lit, to my silent companions of the library!"

My distaste, I admit, was partly moral—a half-hidden feeling that books ought not to be talked about in that dilettantish way. But it was also the product of my discomfort at the prospect of being forced to talk in precisely that way about them and knowing that I could not do so without insincerity and affectation. And this, in turn, set me to thinking about my curious relationship to books, a relation that I believe is not a personal idiosyncrasy. I think all Americans who are serious about literature are in much the same predicament. But let me try to define the predicament in personal terms nevertheless; there will be time for the sweeping generalizations about Modern Man and American Culture as we go along.

Not long ago I undertook to write a column on the "quality" paperbacks for a weekly magazine. I approached the job in very nearly the same spirit as that in which I used to choose certain courses in college: this would give me an opportunity to read a lot of books I had always wanted to read and had never managed to find time for. I had assumed that time was the only problem; the books were there, exerting a claim on my attention and interest, and it was up to me to meet this claim by making an effort to find the time and the opportunity. And here was the opportunity that would create the time. It never occurred to me to doubt that I was under an obligation to myself (and, I must confess, to Culture) to read as many of the good books and important books on every subject (except the physical sciences) as I possibly could. And it certainly never entered my head that these good and important books would fail to interest me.

Joseph Wood Krutch, who was the professor of dramatic literature when I was a Columbia undergraduate, once told the story of a student who complained to him that he was unable to get through the reading list for Mr. Krutch's course.

"Don't you like to read?" asked Mr. Krutch. "Of course," said the student, "I love to read. I read all the time."

"Well, then, what kind of books do you read?"

The student hesitated. "Interesting books," he said, with a look of reproach at the man who had compiled that dreary bibliography of great and important works which was his torment.

The class to which Mr. Krutch told the story was made up mostly of very earnest and devoted English majors, and the answering laughter—including my own—had a note of superiority in

it. But I now think that the story isn't so funny after all, and that the student had a point. For when the good and important and occasionally great books began arriving at my home in heavy parcels from the publishers, arriving redolent of fresh paper and still carrying the odor of printer's ink, decked out in those brightly colored, appetizing covers, looking not only new but *modern*, up-to-date, the Very Latest Thing (and if they bore musty titles like *The Influence of Greek Ideas on Christianity* or *The Rise of Scientific Philosophy* or *The Philosophy of Literary Form*, why, so much the better—for didn't that prove that the Republic of Letters was superior to time, that exhumed works of scholarship could appropriately be presented looking for all the world like this week's *New Yorker*?)—when the books began arriving and I sat down with them eagerly and happily, it turned out that not one in ten could hold my attention for more than a few chapters. It turned out, to my chagrin and surprise, that I was no longer a student who could read almost any book with enjoyment and profit from most. It turned out that I was now someone who spent eight hours a day in an office, another hour on the subway, and then a few more with his family in the evening, and who had trouble getting through the next day if he went to bed later than midnight. It turned out that the hours I could devote to the "pleasures of literature" were appallingly few and that my intellectual interests had by some mysterious process narrowed correspondingly. I found myself beginning to develop crotchets about these good and important and even great books; it struck me, no doubt rather belatedly, that I had been bullied into taking their claims on me at face value, and that I had as much right to my existence as they to theirs; that the books, so far as I was concerned, were a little too damn smug standing up there on the shelf with "Reproach" written on every one of their bright new covers; that they had to speak to me more directly and powerfully than many of them in fact did before I could bring myself to listen. They had to be *relevant*; there had to be a vital connection between my life as I was living it from day to day and the things they were talking about.

This problem of relevance, of course, has always existed in all countries at all ages, but for obvious reasons it has become especially acute in America. Most of us are incapable of

dealing with it honestly because we tend to regard Culture as an all-embracing category of the good and the serious and the significant products of the mind, and to see ourselves as charged with the duty of preserving and defending it wholesale. The only answer, it seems to me, is to admit frankly and freely and at the cost of being called unkind names, that some books speak to us and some don't, and that among those which—for one reason or another, at one time or another—don't, are some very great books indeed. Conversely, many new books which can be expected to disappear within their year of publication speak to us more compellingly at the moment—it is a terrible acknowledgement—than do some of the great books of the past.

Within the last few weeks, for example, I have found myself more interested in, more vitally related to, a mediocre Soviet novel, Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone*, than *The Charterhouse of Parma*, which is surely one of the greatest of all novels and which I have now been unable to finish reading after a month of trying. Fabrizio del Dongo seems to have become a stranger (I once thought he was my brother) and Parma—despite all its apparent relevance to contemporary politics—seems to have removed itself to another planet, remote and inaccessible. But I read avidly through almost six hundred pages of *Not By Bread Alone*, comparatively indifferent to the obvious and wooden story of the troubles of a persecuted Soviet inventor, but fascinated by the most commonplace details of Soviet life. How extraordinary that Russians—who by now have become abstractions to us—eat potatoes by dipping them, steaming, into a pile of salt on a scrap of old newspaper, or that they believe that a man with two bumps on his forehead is destined to have two wives!

To take another example: a book by the British historian L. B. Namier, *1848: The Revolution of the Intellectuals*, which I think I want to read, has lain stubbornly on my desk for God knows how many weeks, untouched, while that really quite dull journal, *Dylan Thomas in America* by John Malcolm Brinnin, kept me glued to a chair. Brinnin is dull because, as Elizabeth Hardwick pointed out in a review some time ago, he sets down the details of Thomas's visits to this country with compulsive regularity, as though he were compiling a calendar. What gives the book its interest is the picture that inadvertently emerges of the American attitude toward poets. Thomas, in my opinion, was not a

great poet, and I suspect that the adulation he received over here had very little to do with love of his work. It was his self-destructiveness his wildness, his drinking, his sexual escapades that constituted for Americans an irrefutable proof of the greatness of his verse.

Thomas was "Byronic," but not in his poems—perhaps that is one of the things wrong with them. When I re-read the first few cantos of *Don Juan* last month, I was struck by Byron's hard-headedness, by his love of fact, and by his absolute superiority to "art." And I discovered that my lines of communication to the past hadn't all been cut. The poem was saying that you could be irreverent without being destructive, or rather, that you could be destructive and impious and irresponsible occasionally without toppling the foundations of the world; and to *that* good counsel I listened hungrily. Besides, there was Byron's marvelous carelessness with verse and rhyme, not to mention his willingness to use poetry to attack his enemies, to make fun

of his political opponents, to justify himself in the face of England's bout of moral indignation against him, to indulge his prejudices—to do everything a man living in the real world would want to do, if he were a poet.

In general, I would say that what speaks to me these days out of the past is the voice of qualities I feel I lack but that I also feel are possible to me; and what speaks perhaps even more powerfully are works that confer dignity on the things I am sometimes ashamed of or distressed by in myself. Byron does both, which is why he is a "solace" to me, unlike many other of my "silent companions of the library."

It's worth considering whether the problematic relation to books I've been trying informally to describe in this article is not endemic to the conditions of life in America. On the other hand, perhaps I'm making too much of a passing mood. But if I am not, we may have yet another problem of some size on our hands to add to "the turmoil and perplexities of our time."

"We have talked too long . . ."

Higher education in this country, whether in public or private institutions, has been one of the great bargains of the century. Where else could an American family buy any product by paying half or less than half of the actual cost to the seller? A family that could afford to pay ten times the cost could still send its son to college for half the amount it cost the college to have him. This is still true, and it is true because this cut-rate system has been subsidized by those who could least afford it: the teachers. These bargain rates would never have been possible if faculty salaries had been on a par with those in other professions.

We have talked too long about our teachers as if they were monks or missionaries. We have comforted our consciences by saying that they were dedicated people, and we have talked a little too much about psychic income and the joys of teaching the young. We have behaved as though it were an act of generosity to buy Mr. Chips a new set of tires for his bicycle, and we have expected him to be grateful for the tires and to go about praising the free enterprise system that has brought him such a dividend . . . Mr. Chips is not a Communist, and I suspect this is because he has more of a sense of social responsibility than many of the parents whose sons he teaches.

(From a speech delivered by Columbia's President Grayson Kirk before the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce and the Cleveland Advertising Club during "Higher Education Week" in Cleveland, Ohio, in November.)

The Wild Bird

by Juan Ramón Jiménez

Sing, distant bird . . .
(In what garden, in what meadow?)

Meanwhile shall I not arise?
In the room's penumbra
The closed piano is shining,
The dim pictures are gleaming . . .

For me, distant bird.

There will be above the river
A mirrored west of a thousand enchantments,
A gay vessel will leap out
Between the light of the elm trees . . .

Sing, distant bird.

In the orchard, the orange trees
Will be swollen with birds,
The blue will go singing
In the water of the rivulet . . .

For me, distant bird.

You, pinewood, deep palace,
You will catch at the placid wind,
The sea will enter billowing
Among the white rosebays . . .

Sing, distant bird.

I can not make up my mind, I wander
About in the room's penumbra.
The closed piano is humming,
The dim pictures are living . . .

For me, distant bird . . .
(In what rosebush, in what treetop?)

Translated by H. R. Hays

Juan Ramón Jiménez, the most influential lyric poet in contemporary Spanish letters, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1956. "The Wild Bird" appears in *The Selected Writings of Juan Ramón Jiménez*, a volume of poetry and prose, edited by Eugenio Florit, associate professor of Spanish at Columbia. Copyright 1957 by Juan Ramón Jiménez. Used by permission of the publishers, Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, Inc.

Columbia

CHRONICLE

A concise review of recent news from Columbia University

Opening its 204th academic year, Columbia University took unto itself 28,200 students for the fall term. Applicants arrived from every state in the union and from more than 70 foreign countries. Random statistics: Columbia College enrolled a freshman class of 660 young men chosen from 2,700 applicants. The Graduate Faculties enrollment was listed at 3,200.

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Dr. Tsung Dao Lee, the youngest full professor at Columbia in modern times, won the Nobel Prize for Physics in October. The highest scientific honor in the world was awarded jointly to Dr. Lee and Dr. Chen Ning Yang, a member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, N. J., for the two physicists' work in disproving the principle of conservation of parity. The overthrow of the parity principle and the proof that sub-atomic particles possess an innate left- or right-handed spin was made public at Columbia last winter; these events were hailed at the time as among the most important disclosures in atomic physics in the last forty years.

Professor Lee was born in China 31 years ago; he joined the Columbia faculty in 1953 as an assistant professor. The fourth Columbia faculty member to win the Nobel Prize in two years, he is also the ninth to win it in the course of the Prizes' history. Nobel Prizes have also been awarded to nine Columbia alumni.

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Out of 660 entering freshmen in Columbia College, 533 said that they intended to undertake professional or graduate study later. Some 230 freshmen embarked on a "straight" liberal arts course, while 150 planned a pre-engineering course, 145 a pre-medical course, and 100 pre-law. Thirty said they will do graduate work in a business school, 17 looked forward to journalism school, seven each to graduate work in architecture and teaching, four to dentistry, and one to theological school.

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In protest against a clause in the national Theta Tau constitution which bars non-white members, Columbia's chapter of the national engineering fraternity severed all affiliation with the parent organization in November. Controversy over the discriminatory clause was first made public last winter when Professor Mario G. Salvadori, Associate Engineering Dean Wesley Hennessy, and Associate Professor Frank L. DiMaggio resigned out of disapproval of the clause.

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On November 26, a steam shovel brandished a load of dirt taken from the corner of 114th and Broadway, signaling the start of construction on Ferris Booth Hall and an adjoining undergraduate dormitory. Booth Hall—planned as the physical center of Columbia College after-class activities—and its companion dormitory will be the first new buildings to be raised on the Morningside campus since 1934. The new student center will contain headquarters for all College-sponsored extra-curricular activities (including student publications, the glee club, the Players, and others) together with recreation facilities in a great variety and the headquarters of a new "citizenship program" currently under discussion by the Deans' office and student

body. The new 13-story dormitory will house about 600 students.

Willis H. Booth, donor of \$1,900,000 toward construction of Booth Hall, joined President Grayson Kirk, College Dean Lawrence Chamberlain, and Trustee William T. Taylor in addressing the crowd of students who turned out for the ground-breaking ceremonies. The student center is to be named after Mr. Booth's son, the late Ferris Booth, an alumnus of the Columbia College Class of 1924.

The new buildings were begun despite a deficiency of \$1 million which will be necessary to their cost, on the assumption that this amount will have been raised before the buildings are opened in 1959.

The *Columbia Daily Spectator* hailed the event as the end of "13 years of stagnation and procrastination over University expansion" and expressed the hope that it heralded "a new era."

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Three prominent journalists from two American continents received the University's Maria Moors Cabot Awards this fall. Harry W. Frantz, special correspondent of the United Press foreign department, Herbert Moses, director and treasurer of *O Globo* in Brazil, and Rene Silva Espejo, assistant editor of *El Mercurio* in Chile, were awarded gold medals for their contributions, through journalism, to friendly relations between North and South America. An additional award was made to the Inter-American Press Association. The Maria Moors Cabot prizes are given by the Trustees of the University on the advice of Journalism Dean Edward W. Barrett.

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More foreign students applied for admission to Columbia this year than ever before. The University has, every year for the last decade, enrolled more foreign students than any other American university, and continued to do so this year with the admission of some 2,350.

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Emerson Buckley, former conductor of the New York City Center Opera Company, is serving as director of the Columbia University Orchestra dur-

ing the leave of absence taken by Howard Shanet for the current academic year. Mr. Buckley is an alumnus of the Columbia College class of 1936. A former director of the Chicago Opera, he has also been musical director of the Miami (Fla.) Opera Guild and the Puerto Rico and Central City (Colo.) Opera Festivals.

• Ronald M. Craigmyle, New York investment banker, was elected this fall to the office of Alumni Trustee of Columbia University for a term of six years. Mr. Craigmyle is the 55th alumnus to serve in this capacity on the Board of Trustees. Senior partner in the investment firm of Craigmyle, Pinney & Company in New York, Mr. Craigmyle is also chairman of the board and president of the Giant Portland Cement Company of Philadelphia and president of the Southwest Natural Gas Company of Louisiana. He graduated from Columbia College in 1920 and from the Graduate School of Business in 1921.

• Members of the faculty and staff took part in a new radio program and a new television program, both broadcast around the metropolitan New York area, this winter. "Parallel," a radio series relating history to contemporary news, is prepared by Columbia's Center for Mass Communication in cooperation with NBC. Louis M. Hacker, historian and the dean of the School of General Studies, provided several commentaries for the Sunday afternoon series.

Television Station WPIX and the Metropolitan Educational Television Association broadcast three programs under the title "The Educated Man," featuring Charles Frankel, professor of philosophy, and Quentin Anderson, associate professor of English. The two faculty members discussed the ideas on education put forth in Plato's *Republic*, Rousseau's *Emile*, and John Dewey's *Democracy and Education*.

• Scientists at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center revealed this fall that they had grown new nerves across the severed spinal cords of animals. Regrowth of spinal cord

tissue had hitherto been thought impossible. The research team insisted that the new technique would not be used on human beings for some time, and pointed out that the animals upon whom it had been used had yet to recover the use of their lower limbs. But the new mending process undoubtedly represents the most important advance toward the relief of paraplegics since the development of antibiotics; since World War II these have controlled the infections which had before meant death to most victims of spinal cord injuries. Experiments are now going on to determine whether the new nerve tissue grown by the doctors will transmit slight electrical impulses. Headed by James B. Campbell, assistant professor of neurological surgery, the Columbia research group includes C. Andrew Bassett, instructor in orthopedic surgery; Charles R. Noback, associate professor of anatomy; and Jakob Husby, research associate in neurological surgery.

• Dr. S. H. Taqizadeh, former president of the Iranian Senate, is serving for one term as adjunct professor in the Near and Middle East Institute this year. A scholar and statesman, Dr. Taqizadeh has represented Iran in various posts in the United Kingdom, the U.S.S.R. and the United States.

• Two members of the University administration this fall expressed opinions about the recent report of the President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School. Their views were reported in the *Columbia Daily Spectator*.

Charles C. Cole, Jr., associate dean of Columbia College, was reported opposed to the committee's recommendations against the use of Federal funds for substantial scholarships for college students. Citing a survey which he conducted for the College Entrance Examination Board three years ago, Dean Cole said that \$200,000,000 in new scholarship funds was needed if the talents of some 100,000 gifted students were not to be wasted; such a sum could only be raised with the help of Federal funds, he said.

Mrs. Millicent C. McIntosh, presi-

dent of Barnard College, was reported as "reluctantly" in agreement with the Report of the President's Committee; Mrs. McIntosh pointed out that Barnard customarily proposes loans rather than outright grants to students who cannot afford the costs of education.

• Gifts, grants, and bequests to the University in the fiscal year ended on June 30, 1957, totalled \$19,086,148. The sum was the highest in the University's history. President Grayson Kirk noted, however, that expenditures for the same year had totalled \$28,177,015. The largest item of expense had been for education administration and instruction; this item rose \$2.5 million over the previous year, he said, and in part reflected salary raises to faculty members.

• Several thousand documents by and about Otto Rank, psychotherapist an one-time student and associate of Sigmund Freud, were acquired by the Columbia Libraries this summer. Included in the collection, as well, are three of Freud's original manuscripts, including *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*. The papers were given by Dr. J. Jessie Taft, author of a biography of Dr. Rank, and by Rank's former wife, Mrs. Pierre Simon.

• William Bayard Cutting Traveling Fellowships for the current academic year were awarded this summer to Douglas F. Fraser, graduate student in history, and to John M. Day, Columbia instructor in Fine Arts. Mr. Day will pursue a study of the art of the Torres Strait region of New Guinea. Mr. Fraser will complete the editing of a 14th Century document on Mediterranean trade discovered by him in the State Archives in Genoa, Italy. The 45-year-old Cutting Fellowships memorialize the late University Trustee and 1869 graduate of Columbia College. They provide \$4000 annually to each recipient for a year of foreign travel and study.

• Some 150 prominent nuclear physicists from around the world congregated at the Pupin Physics Laboratories on the campus this fall for a five-day conference on "neutron in-

teractions with the nucleus." Interacting were physicists from the United Kingdom, the U.S.S.R., France, India, Japan, Italy, Sweden, Germany, Norway, Denmark, The Netherlands, and the United States. Presiding was Dr. I. I. Rabi, Higgins Professor of Physics at Columbia and a vice president of the Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy two years ago.

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A compressed program of study for doctors, in which the effects of "about five academic years" are achieved in four calendar years was recently pronounced successful by its administrator, Williard C. Rappleye, dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. According to regulations instituted at the medical school several years ago, students remain in attendance from the beginning of their second year until their graduation, taking only a month's vacation during each of these last three years. Dean Rappleye said that the new schedule provided extra time for students' research, made fuller use of the facilities of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, and "has also given the student a sense of responsibility similar to [that which] he will later assume when he goes into hospital training or medical practice."

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A wave of fresh lieutenancy broke over the campus this year with the appointment of a new assistant provost, a new associate provost, and three sub-deans. Joe Jefferson, formerly on the administrative staff of M.I.T., was appointed assistant provost of the University, and Edward B. McMenamin, formerly of the International Cooperation Administration, was made associate provost. John W. Alexander, a former teacher in Columbia College, was named assistant dean in the College. Kenneth Alexander Smith, architect and former Columbia teacher, was appointed assistant dean in the Graduate School of Architecture. James

Richard Boylan, former member of the editorial staff of *This Week Magazine*, was made assistant to the dean of the Graduate School of Journalism.

Messrs. Jefferson, Alexander, and Boylan are all Columbia alumni.

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The Columbia University Libraries have announced the acquisition of the John Jay papers. After a century and a half in the possession of Jay's descendants, the files of nearly 2,000 letters and documents (the last great collection of papers of a "Founding Father" still in private hands) have now become available to scholars.

Included in the collection is a major document of United States history—the original and complete copy of "The Federalist No. 5." It is probably the only existing original manuscript of the 85 Federalist papers, written by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay.

The Jay papers also include three unpublished letters from George Washington and letters from Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Lafayette, and other figures of the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary periods. Several of the letters are coded, since they deal with Jay's activities as Ambassador to Spain and his negotiation of the treaty that bears his name.

Jay is one of Columbia's most illustrious alumni, and the University acquired in this valuable collection his Master's diploma from King's College (1767); his Bachelor's diploma from the College (1764) was acquired previously by Columbiana, the archives of the University. Jay's oath of office as Chief Justice of the United States (1789) is among the other important documents in the collection.

The papers, which had never left the Jay family mansion, were acquired from the estate of Mrs. Arthur Iselin, Jay's great-great-granddaughter, with funds contributed by The Friends of the Columbia Libraries, alumni and others.

